

Jan-June 1919
7.127The

Saturday Review

No. 3297. Vol. 127.

4 January, 1919.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

6d.

CONTENTS

Page		Page		Page	
NOTES OF THE WEEK ...	1	CORRESPONDENCE:—		REVIEWS:—	
LEADING ARTICLES:—		Capitalists and the Enemy ...	11	The Blunder of the Dardanelles	13
The Meaning of the Polls ...	4	What the Germans Meant to Do	11	Democracy on Trial ...	14
The Portent of "Sinn Fein" ...	4	The Rhine Frontier ...	11	Barnett of Whitechapel ...	15
The Unwinding of the Coil ...	5	The War, the Armistice and		A Good Selection ...	15
Le Faux Bonhomme ...	6	America ...	12	The Navy and the War ...	17
The Tragedy of Quebec ...	7	President Wilson ...	12		
"Reproductions" ...	8	Higher Wages and Cost of		FINANCE:—	
The Future of University Life ...	9	Living ...	12	The City ...	22
The Old Deer Park ...	10				

EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

With hearty and unstinting hand the nation has rewarded Mr. Lloyd George, as free and brave men will always reward him who believes in them wholeheartedly. When others doubted, Mr. Lloyd George never doubted: when some talked of negotiations, he talked of victory, and plainly told the French Government that they might make peace if they liked, but Britain would go on for fifteen or twenty years. That is the stuff of which great War Ministers, like Chat-ham, are made: it is perhaps a matter of temperament, *la façon que notre sang circule*. And verily it has its reward, which none will grudge Mr. Lloyd George, though, were we in his shoes, we should tremble, being fatalists.

"Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd."

The combination of Mr. Lloyd George as leader with the Tories as followers has turned out to be the most powerful ever known. The Tory candidates, as a rule, are better than the Liberals or the Labourites, being men for the most part of means and character. Of the three leaders, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, it was a case of "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." But while the 400 Conservative members owe much to Mr. Lloyd George, they also owe something to Messrs. Trotsky, Lenin, and Liebknecht, and their English exponents, Messrs. Henderson, Macdonald, and Snowden. The British electors are not clear thinkers or articulate, but at the back of their heads there was a very decided fear of Bolshevism. As some Lancashire mill-hands (women) put it, "after hearing the Labour speeches, we shall vote Tory: there has been enough killing to last us our time." The defeat of the Labour candidates in the large towns was indeed striking, especially in the poorer quarters. In the whole of London there are only two Labour members, at Deptford and West Woolwich. In Glasgow, supposed to be a hot-bed of Socialism, out of fifteen members there are only two Labour men.

The Coalition men owe something, too, to the Sinn Feiners, who have ruined, not only their own cause, but Mr. Asquith and the British Home Rulers.

The meaning of the angry denunciation of the old party system, which was a persistent factor in the elections, is traceable to a sub-conscious conviction that Mr. Asquith and the British Liberals had sold the Empire to the Irish Nationalists. Had the Irish Nationalists behaved well in the war, had they volunteered, and then accepted conscription like England and Scotland, things might have gone differently. But when Englishmen and Scotsmen remembered how for the last half-century the British Parliament had been occupied in trying to please Irish Nationalists, and when they saw the result in Sinn Feinism, they naturally turned on the statesmen who had been kept in power by the Nationalist votes.

There are two points of resemblance between the Election of 1906 and that of 1918, the largeness of the majority, and the defeat of the leader of the vanquished host. In 1906 the Liberal majority was 356 (counting 80 Nationalists and 40 Labourites), and Mr. Arthur Balfour was unseated at Manchester. In 1918 Mr. Asquith is unseated in Fifehire, and the Coalition majority is about 400. But this election has some other remarkable features. It has literally wiped out of existence three of the old political parties, viz., the Asquithian Liberals, the Dillon Nationalists, and the Henderson Bolshevists. The old Liberal party, the party which was twice returned with a majority in 1910, and was led by Messrs. Asquith, Samuel, Runciman, McKenna and Sir John Simon, has been reduced to some 30 members, and all their statesmen have been unseated.

We cannot rejoice at the defeat of Mr. Asquith: on the contrary, we regret it. Mr. Asquith was for eight years Prime Minister, one of the longest continuous tenures of that office in our history. He was Prime Minister during the first two years of the war, when men, guns, ammunition, and experience were all wanting. He has never murmured, or tried to throw the blame on his executive departments, or taken the credit of achievements that belonged to others. He has upheld the dignity of his great office, and maintained the best traditions of our public life. Whether he was or was not guilty of dilatoriness or timidity in the conduct of the war, we cannot decide till we have all the facts before us. But we can and do say that Mr. Lloyd George might have exerted himself to prevent the con-

MAY 23 1972

test in Fife. The Prime Minister might not have succeeded in inducing the Fifeshire Unionists not to contest the seat. But did he try?

In 1906, Mr. Balfour, immediately after his defeat at Manchester, was provided with a seat by the appointment of one of the members for the City of London to the Chiltern Hundreds. Presumably some Liberal will give up his seat to Mr. Asquith; but is there such a thing as a safe Liberal seat? The present state of things is absurd and dangerous. There is no Opposition, and no leader. There is nothing that we know of to prevent Mr. Pemberton Billing or Mr. Bottomley from appearing on the front Opposition bench and leading the House on that side. Nobody wants to see Parliamentary government reduced to a farce. Yet at present it looks as if that would be the result of the superb strategy of Sir George Younger.

Everybody who has known anything of the House of Commons during the last twenty years must be overjoyed at the disappearance of Mr. Dillon. Old, cantankerous, disloyal, he soiled, like some foul tributary, the main stream of politics which he could not interrupt. However dangerous his aims may have been, Mr. John Redmond was eloquent and a gentleman. Mr. Dillon, with the voice of a corn-crake and the manners of a tradesman, poured out his sour and nasty personalities. His fall is the meet punishment of a long career of treachery and malevolence. And with him fall the Nationalists, the party created by Biggar and Parnell, which has ruled England for the last thirty years. None will weep over its bier. It is far better to be face to face with the Sinn Feiners.

One of the ugliest features of the election was the prevalence of gross and exasperating personalities. As there were really no political principles at issue, and as there were generally three and sometimes six aspirants to one seat, the candidates occupied themselves in abusing one another. How a man made his money, who his father, mother, wife, or grandmother might be, what was his religion, Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or Agnostic, all these exciting topics were freely canvassed. It is, unfortunately, always so in democratic politics, as one can see in the American newspapers and election literature. It always has been so, as we may read in Plato and Aristophanes. A man must be very invulnerable, or have a very thick skin, who goes into politics. When Boswell asked if an imprudent book would do a man any harm, "It might be mentioned at an election," said the Doctor.

The Allied Governments have at last realised the necessity of restoring order in Russia, and have landed troops at Odessa, Batoum, and in Roumania. There are now three Allied forces in Russia, the Siberian force, the Murman force, and the Southern force, just mentioned. If these three expeditions converge upon Petrograd and Moscow, the Bolsheviks will collapse. M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, described in the Chamber of Deputies the murder of the Tsar and his family, as told by Prince Lvoff, who was in the adjoining cell. The Tsar, his wife, his boy, and the young princesses, were huddled in one cell, and placed one after the other on a chair, prodded with bayonets, and then shot in the room, which, next morning, was a pool of blood. Had this sickening massacre been done by an Emperor or a King, in what monster headlines and treble-leaded type would it have been shouted into the ear of the world! But as it has been done on an Emperor and his family by the left wing of the great Democratic International party, it is huddled away in small type, and nothing said.

We wish from the bottom of our hearts that we could pooh-pooh Professor Spenser Wilkinson as a pragmatical don, for he tells us, in *The Sunday Times*, that future wars and therefore future armies are inevitable. An obstinate rationality prevents us from doing anything but agree with Professor Wilkinson. For let

us consider the situation. It is now practically certain that we shall have to march to Berlin, if only to set up a Government with which to make peace. We have already begun to despatch troops to Russia to put down the Bolsheviks. A new German Republic, a new Austrian Republic, a new Czecho-Slovak Republic, a new Hungarian Republic, a new Bulgarian Republic, a big Serbia, with or without Croatia, a new Turkey, have all to be created. Does anybody suppose these young and lusty republics are going to sit down to read President Wilson's speeches?

Professor Wilkinson points out what we have so often stated in *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, that all big wars end with a big Treaty of Peace, in which it is declared that there shall be no more war upon earth. These treaties are sincere enough, for when they are made everybody is sick and disgusted with war. President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George are only saying to-day in modern language what Bute and Choiseul said in 1763, and what the three Emperors said after Waterloo. But the next generation, or the one after that, will have other ideas. Above all, we must reckon with Japan and the new Russias. Why should we imagine that these new republics in Eastern Europe, whose inhabitants are only half civilised, are going to turn Pacifists? The Balance of Power was based, if you please, upon secret diplomacy and dynastic intrigues. But self-determination by Nationality is based on nothing but racial temperament, a far more unsafe foundation.

For the last twenty years we have gone on increasing our naval estimates, and building bigger and bigger ships to keep ahead of the German Navy. The German fleet is now in our possession, though Heaven knows what we are going to do with it. But Mr. Harold Cox very cogently calls our attention in *The Sunday Times* to the fact that the Americans have embarked upon a huge shipbuilding programme, which is to give them in 1925 a navy equal to the British. We may be sure that Japan, which is very ambitious and rather afraid of America, will also begin building a big navy with the money she has made out of the war. So that Britain will in the future have to build ships against the United States and Japan, instead of against Germany. All of which seems an illustration of the homely proverb, out of the frying pan into the fire. And what becomes of Mr. Wilson's "disarmament all round?" It rather looks as if the League of Nations were going to be more costly than the battered old Balance of Power.

According to Mr. Morgenthau's 'Secrets of the Bosphorus' (which we review in another column), Mr. Churchill's celebrated Dardanelles "gamble" was more than justified. Mr. Morgenthau was United States Ambassador in Constantinople, and was in daily touch with the Turkish and German officials. On the 16th March, 1915, two days before the second bombardment by the Allied Mediterranean squadron, Mr. Morgenthau visited the Straits and the two celebrated forts Hamidié and Kilid-ul-Bahr. Mr. Morgenthau asserts, on the authority of General Mertens, the chief technical officer at the Straits, that had the British fleet returned on the 19th, the day after the bombardment of the 18th, it would have silenced the two forts in a few hours, as they had come to the end of their ammunition. Hamidié having only seventeen armour-piercing shells left, and Kilid-ul-Bahr "precisely ten" shells!

If it should turn out that the fleet was ordered not to return to the attack on the 19th March by Lord Fisher, or by the Cabinet, then Mr. Winston Churchill stands upon a pedestal, as the only naval strategist at Whitehall. For unless Mr. Morgenthau is writing nonsense, or unless Mr. George A. Schreiner, the American correspondent of the Associated Press, invented the conversation with General Mertens (quoted on p. 148), the second naval attack on the Straits, if followed up the next day, would have been the greatest stroke of the war, which it would have ended triumphantly in

1915. We admit that neither the Admiral nor the Admiralty could have known that the forts were at the end of their ammunition, though there are such things as spies. But some risks must be taken in war. Nelson would certainly have appeared before Constantinople, as he appeared before Copenhagen, at whatever price. We have abused Mr. Churchill so often and so heartily that we should be very glad to acknowledge we were wrong.

Lord Robert Cecil is a thorough-paced idealist. He believes that "international co-operation" can be substituted for "predatory competition" as the basis of human intercourse; and further, he despairs of the world, unless and until this can be done. We should be sorry to hold this belief, because it never can be realised. Man is a competitive and predatory animal, and always will be. What Lord Robert denounces as "predatory competition" we regard as healthy individualism. The only result of withdrawing competition as a motive to industry and accumulation would be as Sir Henry Maine pointed out, the State task, and justly allotted, and enforced by the prison or the scourge. Maine gives the table of pains and penalties with which French artisans were forced to work during the first Revolution.

Quite an oasis in a desert of dreary platitudes and conventional pomposities was President Wilson's little speech at the Lord Mayor's luncheon. We like these "irregular fellows" with their "periods of delightful irresponsibility" and "their vacations from conscience," especially when they happen to be Presidents and Prime Ministers. Whether it is "the dash of Celtic blood, we know not: but there is a common bond between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George in their devotion to the fair sex, which, now that they are voters, is mere prudence. The stock Whig argument against the second Pitt was his insensibility to female charms, though he wanted to marry Miss Eden. No one could bring this charge against either of our "irregular fellows" without exposing himself to an action for libel.

Dealing with the League of Nations, *The Round Table* proposes an annual Conference of the representatives of the signatory Powers, which is not a bad idea, and has received a sort of sanction from President Wilson. But it also makes the insane proposal that the Middle East, Constantinople, and the provinces of Asiatic Turkey, should be handed over for custody and exploitation to the United States! The conquest of this part of the world is due to British arms alone, and it is a good idea to hand it over to the Americans, who really have done very little fighting! The trade rivalry between England and America is likely to be bitter enough in the immediate future without throwing in such an apple of discord as Anatolia. We can imagine nothing more certain to break the present friendly relations between Britain and the United States than the adoption of this mad idea.

The Royal Academy is a venerable National Institution, and its Presidency is a matter of public interest. Since the resignation of Sir Edward Poynter, who (if the truth must be told) lagged a little superfluous on the stage, several names have been canvassed by rumour, though, of course, the decision rests with the Royal Academicians. We have heard the following names mentioned: Messrs. Sargent and Clausen; Sir Arthur Cope, Sir George Frampton, and Sir Aston Webb. There can be no question that Mr. Sargent is the greatest artist living, and he is a charming personality. But he is shy, and is not what is called a good public speaker. Nowadays when most people read their speeches to the reporters, we should not have said that being no orator was a drawback. If it should be thought desirable to have a sculptor as President, Sir George Frampton is the man. We protest against the idea of an architect being President of the Royal Academy.

By a graceful fiction the King has hitherto been regarded as "the fountain of honour," and the customary style was "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer the honour of" etc., etc. Nowadays the more important honours are called "the Prime Minister's List," and we suppose will be headed, "The Prime Minister has been pleased to confer peerages upon the following." But this distribution of "honours" has become an altogether queer business. Whilst glittering stars, collars, and many coloured ribbons are flung with lavish hand to Brown, Jones and Robinson, we read, quite at the end of the New Year's list, that the Duke of Northumberland has been made a member of the Fourth Class of the Victorian Order! Truly Dukes have had their day; save that very soon an Englishman without a decoration will be, like Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, *très distingué*.

At the outbreak of war the Bank of England agreed with the gold producers of the Empire to take their total output at the fixed standard rate per ounce. During the war the shortage of mining material (particularly explosives) and the rise of wages have increased the cost of production. Besides, the Government pays for the gold in inflated paper-currency, the purchasing power of a treasury or a Bradbury being about fourteen shillings. In July, 1918, the Gold Producers' Committee, of which Lord Harris and Sir Lionel Phillips are members, suggested to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that in consideration of these facts a subsidy of 12s. 6d. an ounce should be paid to them. Lord Inchcape's Committee has reported against this proposal because it is bad business to pay 23s. 9d. for a sovereign. This sounds smart, but it is not: because the low-grade mines will be closed, and some £7,000,000 a year of gold be lost.

The only Government post of importance that has, we believe, been practically settled is Mr. Montagu's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Reading is still hesitating between a diplomatic and a judicial career, but as he is the indispensable, he will, of course, accompany the Prime Minister to Paris. The question is beginning to be asked whether the business-man has really been a success in politics. This shows a confusion of ideas. The business of a business-man is to make money: the business of a politician is to catch votes. No one realises this more clearly than the Prime Minister.

We must be forgiven if we take General Trenchard's despatch on the achievements of the Air Force with one or two grains of salt. It is, for instance, stated that "on the night of August 21-22 two Handley-Page machines dropped just over a ton of bombs on Cologne station, causing a very large explosion." Either the Germans have been very quick in repairing the damage, or General Trenchard has been misinformed, for we have it from an officer just returned from Cologne that the station is intact, and shows no signs of recent damage.

Everybody over twenty agrees that London is at present a perfect pandemonium. Streets, theatres, clubs, restaurants, shops, trains, buses, and trams are crowded to suffocation. To get one's hair cut, or take a stall, or buy a bun, is a football scrimmage. Through this perspiring, fluffy, crowd of boys and flappers, motorists of all kinds, from taxi-drivers to corporals in charge of lorries, drive at full speed. Men who have never been within a hundred miles of the front still "swank" about in khaki; laundresses on Government pay still refuse to wash our linen; cooks and housemaids discharged from munition factories still refuse to return to domestic service. Will London ever recover its old stately calm? Will this odious anarchy ever come to an end? Not so long as the Government continue to distribute borrowed money amongst the mob as largess. They say it is to prevent revolution: we say it is buying popularity at the taxpayers' expense.

THE MEANING OF THE POLLS.

ALTHOUGH the percentage of votes cast was between 50 and 60 per cent. of those on the register, it is not clear that the electors were apathetic, because a great many were absent abroad. The women, according to all accounts, took an interest which was decidedly fatiguing to the candidates. There was little or no disorder at the meetings, or on the polling day: but there was a great deal of personal abuse of one another by the various candidates, though that style of speechifying, we are convinced, does more harm to the author than the object of the attack. But the unmistakeable meaning of the polls is a solid triumph for Conservatism. Not for the Tory party, of course, which at this hour has neither leaders nor principles, and without Mr. Lloyd George would have floundered hopelessly and helplessly. But it is the victory of the latent, inarticulate, forces of Conservatism over the bleatings of Pacifism, and "the beastly bellowings" of Bolshevism. Of course Mr. Lloyd George was a name to conjure with: he had literally no rival, either in the press or on the platform. With the exception of the *Daily News* and the *Manchester Guardian* the Asquithian Liberals had no press; and on the platform Mr. Asquith's eloquence seemed to have deserted him. How helpless and ineffective Mr. Henderson is, when unsupported by his Fabian dry-nurse, Mr. Sidney Webb (who had his own election to lose), we saw from the campaign. Mr. Henderson has neither the brains nor the education requisite for a party leader in these days, and, except when his speeches and manifestoes are written for him in Adelphi Terrace, he is a negligible quantity.

It is easier to say what the electors did not want than what they did. Their positive desires were merely an outburst of natural hatred against Germany, and demanded quite uniformly the punishment of the ex-Kaiser, the payment of an indemnity, and the expulsion of all Germans. But besides these superficial forces, the admiration of Mr. Lloyd George and the hatred of the Germans, there was a convergence of stored-up and sub-conscious agencies. Although our dishonest democratic press has done its best to belittle, when it could not suppress, the horrors of the Russian revolution, the tale of murder and robbery has sunk deep into the mind of the British nation. The electors, male and female, observed that so far from any condemnation of the barbarism of Russian democrats being expressed by the leaders of British Labour, they went as far as they dared in the direction of approval. Mr. Henderson has talked of "Bolshevism without bloodshed;" and we haven't the slightest doubt that this phrase put him at the bottom of the poll in a large working-class constituency in East London, and has resulted in the defeat of Labour candidates in all the large centres of industry. The resolve to have no Bolshevism, with or without bloodshed, in Great Britain, was a strong determinant factor in the election. There was another thing: the common sense of the electors refused to take any stock in the whining subtleties of international pacifism. This robust rejection of the Fabian feminist hair-splitters and socialists put Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald, Sidney Webb, and Snowden "out and down," and caused the defeat of Mrs. Anderson. Indeed, the only woman elected was Marckiewitch, the convicted felon, whose election must, according to law, be declared null and void.

Are not the Irish Celts children? And who will say that they are fit to govern themselves? At least twenty-one of their newly chosen members are under sentences of long imprisonment for treason felony! We deal more particularly with the Irish election in the following article. Here we are concerned with the latent influence of Ireland on the polls of England, Wales, and Scotland. Ever since the war began, there have been loud denunciations of the old party system. As it is obvious that popular government can only operate through the party system, these attacks are mere muddle-headedness. What the Press and the electors meant was that the party system had been abused by the Liberal party; and that for the purchase of votes to keep them in power Liberal

statesmen had sold the Empire to Messrs. Redmond and Dillon, just as Gladstone sold himself to Parnell. The electors did not stop to reflect that Mr. Lloyd George was just as guilty in this respect as Mr. Asquith, or if they did so reflect, they allowed the Prime Minister's superb services in the war to wipe out his pre-war laches. But against Mr. Asquith and his colleagues they harboured bitter resentment. The feeling was more or less sub-conscious, for we have learned from various candidates that Ireland was hardly mentioned in the speeches or the heckling.

Unquestionably the size of the majority and the absence of any man of parliamentary standing to lead His Majesty's Opposition are grave evils. It brings the moderate, Conservative parties of the nation face to face with a few Labour members, who may, by the mere force of the situation, make dangerous or absurd demands. There is, indeed, only one Liberal member who is in the least equipped for the task of filling, even temporarily, the dignified task of leading an Opposition. Sir Donald Maclean is an able man, a lawyer, with the experience that teaches restraint of expression and breadth of view. He is a good speaker, and would make quite a respectable leader of Opposition, until such time as Mr. Asquith and some of his colleagues return to the House of Commons. This huge party, now called the Coalition, will, of course, break up into two parties, the one more extreme than the other, with Mr. Lloyd George as the leader of which?

Already Mr. Lloyd George has begun to threaten the House of Commons in a style which makes us uneasy, as it seems to indicate that it will not be to the more moderate party that he will incline. "If the Government cannot or will not carry out my election pledges," says the Prime Minister at Carnarvon, "I will again appeal to the people." The threat of dissolution is one which a Premier should very rarely use, and only in the last resort. This repeated prescription of provocatives to the anarchical appetite is a dangerous medicine in these days.

THE PORTENT OF "SINN FEIN."

THE "Republican cause," with its Gaelic slogan, "Ourselves Alone," has swept Ireland from end to end, and the rout of the Nationalists has left only a remnant which might be taken to Westminster in a taxicab. John Redmond's well-drilled legions are no more. Mr. T. P. O'Connor—from the vantage of an English seat—may well bewail "the Mary Stuart of causes—the cause that, like her, so often kills those that love her best."

Now, the triumph of Sinn Fein was languidly told in our newspapers. Ireland was an "also ran" in the new Grand National. For all that, we make bold to say that this dark (and sinister) horse will—to continue our turf-talk—prove a "turn-up" which will yet dismay the beholders.

Bismarck's contempt for Ireland is well known. These people, he said, had "much feeling, but little understanding." He was probably right about the old order; but the Ireland of 1919, led by educated men, and backed by new and energetic elements of the Roman hierarchy, has the clearest apprehension of her own impossible aims. First of all comes absolute independence, which is to be attained by any and every means. It is notorious that "a foreign landing" was looked for during the war, a momentous sequel to the Spanish landing of 1601 and the French invasion of 1798. Great plans were accordingly laid; mountains of treason were in travail—and Roger Casement crawled ashore to an English gallows!

Have we any remedy of our own to propose, any new device for the ruling of these "uncivil kerns," whose turbulent record now covers seven hundred years? No, we have not; we are here concerned to present only the facts, and to sound a note of warning, that these people mean the gravest mischief, and seek to manœuvre us into a position of disgrace before the reconstructed world. It is well to realise that Ireland and the Irish are antagonistic to the British genius beyond any hope of reconciliation.

Before us as we write lies the 'Gaelic America' of New York, with a statement by "A. E." the well-known poet, George Russell—a typical intellectual of the new surge. "As well might a foolish gardener" (he says) "trust that his apple tree might bring forth grapes, as to dream that there could be uniformity of character and civilization between Irishmen and Englishmen. . . . We are a new people, and not the past, but the future is to justify this nationality."

Colonel Arthur Lynch knows the soul of Sinn Fein Ireland as few men know it. He pictures the rising generation, obsessed with the cult of Force and lifted recklessly, whilst men of cool judgment "are compelled to look on, fascinated in gaze, but powerless to act." . . . "If you had the logic of Euclid," this patriot reminds us, "the wisdom of Solon, and the eloquence of Demosthenes, one of these country boys has only to shout, 'Up De Valera!' and you are left waste, stranded, and barren."

Our next witness shall be the ablest of all—Sir Horace Plunkett, who has a quite unique grasp of this eternal problem. "The present state of the Irish question," Sir Horace points out, "must make the angels weep—though they may indulge in an occasional laugh at the anomalies with which the tragedy is relieved." In the face of such testimony—and we could quote it by the page—what is the Sassenach to say, though every type of him, from Lord Northcliffe to Mr. W. M. Hughes, has added his "bit" to the towering Zion of Irish solutions?

Not one of the seventy-three Sinn Fein Members will ever take his (or her!) seat at Westminster. There is talk of a Constituent Assembly, of a native Irish Army and the nucleus of a Navy, together with the development of railways and mines, and water-engineering, such as Lord Northcliffe outlined for the Shannon and the Moy, the Suir and the Lee. The new Ireland altogether ignores the "predominant partner." Remember, that Sinn Fein means "Ourselves Alone;" and Sinn Fein Ireland agrees with Lord Northcliffe that she is utterly unlikely "to settle down into a state of bovine contentment."

It must be said that her clamour and resolute drift come at an awkward hour. New nations are sprouting in lush growths, such as bid fair to stifle the older statecraft; the groves of Peace grow dim before the racial trees that block our view of a lasting settlement. Even President Wilson is uneasy, and admonishes his protégés "to carry through the impending changes with benevolence as well as firmness." He saw little benevolence at his door in Washington, where three-score Missions jostled and wrangled over the ancient bones, from the Aaland Isles to the Dobrudja, whilst Professor Masaryk, the Czech, studiously ignored his Polish colleague, M. Paderewski.

In all this turmoil of races, Sinn Fein Ireland sees a shining opportunity, and lays her plans with a boldness known only to the few. She is far more united than we English imagine, far better organized, and led by men of coolness and brains who differ *toto cælo* from the Dillons and Redmonds of yesteryear. And the new generation of priests is Sinn Fein to a man, coming down on the winning side after cautious hedging in the wake of Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. O'Dwyer, who has held the See of Limerick since 1886.

The fact must be faced that Sinn Fein has a separatist programme to which all Ireland now adheres with a blind passion. And in that programme, reason and sentiment are strongly blended by an intellectual proletariat, which has just placed the older Nationalism "in the discard," as the Americans say, and that for all time.

Go where you will in Ireland, and you hear echoes of universal promise, caught from statesmen whose words are given a Sinn Fein twist. "I am a believer in little nations," Mr. Lloyd George declared at the luncheon given at the Savoy to M. Pasitch, the Serbian Prime Minister. "I have the honour to belong to one myself!"

And always there is President Wilson, whose words inflamed all the "lost nations," from the Irish and the Letts, to the Rumans of Transylvania and the Ruthenes of Hungary.

It was the Wilson creed which the Pan-Slav Congress at Laibach professed; it was also the fore at the League of the Oppressed Nations which met in Rome last April. No wonder the President now pours prudence on a skipping spirit, which is already striking sparks from the ashes of war.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Lawrence O'Neill, invited Mr. Wilson to visit Sinn Fein Ireland as "the champion of wronged peoples against autocracies." But the President discreetly excused himself, for like Abe Lincoln, he is "wiser to-day than he was yesterday." Mr. Wilson has a Sinn Fein Ireland of his own at home—a treasure-house of our war-wasted world, though itself wasted with anarchy, with blackmail, ignorance and all corruption. America's Ireland is Mexico.

THE UNWINDING OF THE COIL.

THE changes produced by the war have been considered, first, from the point of view of labour, then, from that of the employer, and, last, from that of the State. In suggesting how the change-over can be successfully effected the same grouping will be followed. The dominant ideas which should govern labour policy are employment, a fair share of responsibility, and reasonable social and working conditions. Let us see how far the Government has already advanced in this direction.

To take employment first, this resolves itself into three factors, which, in order of priority, if not of importance, are the questions of the dilutee, carrying with it that of the restoration of pre-war freedom, the termination of Government contracts, and finally the demobilization of the Forces. What has the Government accomplished on this side of the problem?

So far as the dilutees are concerned, it will be remembered that the problem arises from the introduction, during the war, of semi-skilled and unskilled men, and from the accompanying promise that this and other similar relaxations of Trade Union restrictions should be for the period of the war only. The war is not yet over, at any rate in the legal sense, but the Government have not waited to honour their obligations. The Government, we may be sure, are fully alive to the menace that a full re-imposition of restrictions would be to production. This has not deterred them from proceeding immediately to fulfil, not merely the spirit, but the letter of their pledge; and perhaps in doing so, while they have been moved by their natural sense of honour, they have also been sustained by the belief that they can rely on the patriotism of labour not to abuse the restored rights. At any rate, whatever was the motive, some weeks ago, the Prime Minister met the Trade Unions, and, as a result of the meeting, appointed a Joint Committee to report on the steps necessary to give effect to the Government's pledges. So far as is known, no agreed proposal has yet been submitted. It can, however, hardly be doubted that, when the new Parliament meets, a Bill will be introduced which will redeem the pledges and be in a measure the result of the Committee's work.

So much has already been achieved by the Government, but there lies before them the still greater difficulty of re-absorbing into industry the numbers of men and the vast numbers of women whom the Bill will inevitably displace. The Government has not failed to make preparations for this problem, as will appear when we come to consider the second dominant idea, that of a fair share of responsibility. Here it is sufficient to say that the settlement of the pledges question is merely an indispensable preliminary to the re-absorption and re-settlement of labour fundamentally disorganised by the war.

Nor has the Government been less prompt to act in restoring freedom to the workman. There were four main restrictive conditions in the Munitions Acts. There was, first, the abolition of the right to strike, coupled with compulsory arbitration. There was, secondly, the War Munitions Volunteer Scheme, under which a man bound himself to go where he was required. There was, thirdly, the abolition of Trade

Union restrictions, and, fourthly, a restriction on increase of wages. There is a great deal to be said for the continuance of the first provision, but the Government have not attempted to say it. Neither labour nor the employer desired its continuance, and it has already to all intents and purposes disappeared. With regard to the War Munitions Volunteers, the Government's action has been even more drastic. Within a few days of the declaration of the armistice the Ministry of Munitions announced the termination of the scheme. The third provision—that affecting Trade Union restrictions—has been dealt with already. The fourth and last restriction—that on wages—has completely disappeared. The Wages Act of the end of last Session secures that, while wages shall be maintained at a certain level for six months, nothing shall interfere with their exceeding that level. This, then, is not a bad performance, so far as it goes, for the intimates of Messrs. Dilly and Dally. The acute journalist will not, however, let himself be misled, and will at once guess that this is clearly the work of the Government, and not of the massed "duds" through which, curiously enough, "the infallible" works. This view will commend itself to the new school of extreme loyalists who believe that the Government can do no wrong, while its advisers can do no right. But whether it was the work of the Government or the "duds" does not really matter. What does matter is that it has been done, and done quickly, and as to the journalist and the dud, one can only hope that the hunter will some day be rewarded by a sight of his prey, when perhaps, outsnarking the snark, they will both "slowly and silently vanish away."

The second factor in dealing with employment is that involved in the termination of Government contracts. Here the Government have been faced with a problem of the greatest possible difficulty, which, we think, they are surmounting with real skill. Even if they had foreseen the actual date of the armistice, it would still have been their duty in the interest of national safety to keep munitions production going at full speed up to the very day it was signed. Whether they foresaw what was to happen in this respect or not does not therefore matter, and is not a subject for criticism. They could do no other than they did. On the other hand, it is fair to say that, if the armistice had come more gradually, the Government's task would have been far easier. The maroons which blew the war to shreds also blew with it a regiment of judicious and long prepared plans based on the assumption of a gradual cessation of hostilities. In the surprising and splendid suddenness of the end the Government were sharply confronted with the spectacle of vast factories gloriously grinding out immense masses of perfectly useless munitions and thereby wasting enormous stocks of indispensable raw material.

The difficulty of the position was double. There was the contract obligation to the employer, and there was the obligation to the workman to see that he did not suffer unnecessary hardship. The first had been provided for in contracts. The second it was impossible to provide for in advance of the event. But when the event came not a minute was lost. On the morning of the declaration of the armistice the Minister of Munitions issued a notice to all munition employers in the country. The general effect of the notice was to bid them "carry on" till further orders. The notice, however, suggested means by which work could be immediately slowed down by shortening hours, and changing methods of production. The preliminary notice prevented a debacle. Thereafter it was the business of the Minister of Munitions in detail to consider by groups, by classes, and even in individual instances the change-over. In arriving at his decisions he had always to weigh anxiously against each other the risk of causing hardship immediately by a sudden termination of contracts now as against that of creating future hardship by delaying the turn-over from war to peace. How far he has succeeded up to the present is clearly shown in the statement issued by Mr. Churchill some days ago. That statement indicates the magnitude of the task, emphasizes the fact

that there is still a very long way to go before it is in sight of completion, but indicates still more clearly that, in the face of gigantic obstacles, it is proceeding with a fair and proper regard for the interests both of the workman and the country.

The problem is not solved. It is far from solved, and it may well be that, before the winter is over, a good deal of discontent will show itself among workmen inevitably discharged. This discontent is not unnatural and it is hard to dissipate. Workmen realize the inevitability of dislocation, but its inevitability does not fill pockets that during the war have tended to bulge. Still it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the Government's main principle is to make discharges as slowly as is compatible with the change-over to peace production. And rapidity in the change-over is vital, not only for the industrial future of the country, but in order to speed up demobilization. For, if the facile critics only knew, it is not red tape that is delaying demobilization, but the vital necessity of having industry ready for the demobilized man.

Before passing to him—and he forms the third factor of employment—it may be desirable to touch on the Government's Unemployment Donation policy, which has been of fundamental importance to Mr. Churchill in his task of unwinding the coil. The generosity of the scheme has not been appreciated. Before the war, State unemployment benefit, which cost the workman and the employer 2½d. per week, gave a total benefit of 7s. per week. The Government non-contributory scheme provides for men 29s. a week, with 6s. for the first and 3s. for each succeeding dependent.

The provision for women is equally generous; indeed, in some points of view, over-generous. Of course the danger of over-generosity is that it may prolong the period of unemployment, but perhaps it may be added to the credit of the Employment Exchanges that that depleted and over-worked Department, called suddenly to face the enormous task of paying the benefit, was not found wanting when the day arrived.

LE FAUX BONHOMME.

THERE is no good equivalent in English for the French phrase. The Sham Good Fellow suggests somehow a fraudulent member of an Ancient Order: besides, the word "fellow" had a bad, and has still a dubious, meaning.

"Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow" shows that in Pope's time fellow meant a scoundrel. Now *Le Faux Bonhomme* (the sham good fellow) is by no means a scoundrel; he is merely a man with a loud laugh, a warm manner, and a cold heart. He is very popular; that is to say, he has hundreds of acquaintances and no friends. With a sleepless vigilance over his own advancement in life, he interests himself hugely in the affairs of other people, provided they can be of use to him. In his unguarded moments he says, "I have no use for So-and-So," but quickly repents, on reflecting that nearly every man or woman may help or hurt him. So that the *faux bonhomme* has at least one good quality: he is not a back-biter. On the contrary, he finds indiscriminate praise, which costs him nothing, often brings him a dinner, and may get him an office. For the world of the governing class is quite a small whispering gallery, round which praise and abuse echo quickly—a fact which men with sarcastic tongues never will remember. The business of other people becomes the business of the *faux bonhomme* in order that he may talk to them about it. If you are a Company director, he will read the report and congratulate you on the dividend. If you are a Member of Parliament, he will tell you that in these days of clap-trap yours is the only sensible speech he has read. The wise or the benevolent accept the flattery of the *faux bonhomme* as a tribute to their importance, and do not question him. Some time ago the *faux bonhomme* said to us in Pall Mall, "That was a rattling good article of yours in the SATURDAY last week!" Most innocently we queried, "Which one?"

We write so many." The *faux bonhomme* blushed, made an original observation about the east wind, and fled.

These are the harmless, some would say the pleasant, operations of the *faux bonhomme*. But he has some horrid tricks. He practises an odious familiarity of address. After a few months' or even weeks' (if you are very important) acquaintance, he calls you by your Christian name, which he has learned from 'Who's Who?' or Kelly. He calls everybody George, or Harry, or even by some pet name, like "Bunger." Worse even than this are his assaults upon your person. His favourite play is to come softly behind you, and placing his arm round your waist to pinch you under the rib from which "the fairest of her daughters, Eve," is said to have been fashioned. To throw his arm round your neck, to squeeze your funny-bone, or to pat your knee, if you are sitting next him, are all favourite methods of securing your interest in the words of the *faux bonhomme* and persuading you of his affection. The late Lord Russell of Killowen could not bear the laying on of hands to any part of his body. If you touched his arm or his knee, however lightly, he would say, "Take your hand off my arm: don't touch my knee: don't do that again." Russell cowed the *faux bonhomme*, who, as a rule, is no respecter of persons. We have seen him "molest the ancient solitary reign" of a Lord Chancellor at the club, and loudly wish him, whom others dared not address, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Such is the natural coldness and sluggishness of the average Briton's temperament, that, strange as it may seem, the boisterous advances of the *faux bonhomme*, which cause the sensitive and refined to shrink into their shell, are, as we said, widely popular.

Disraeli was the equal, if not the superior, of Thackeray in social satire, and he has left us a masterly portrait of the *faux bonhomme*. "Mr. Guy Flouncey was a sporting character. His wife had impressed upon him that it was the only way in which he could become fashionable and acquainted with the best men. He knew just enough of the affair not to be ridiculous; and, for the rest, with a great deal of rattle and apparent heedlessness of speech and deed, he was really an extremely selfish and sufficiently shrewd person, who never compromised himself. . . . He had, indeed, managed, like many others, to get the reputation of being what is called 'a good fellow'; though it would have puzzled his panegyrists to allege a single act of his that evinced a good heart. This sort of pseudo-reputation, whether for good or evil, is not uncommon in the world. Man is mimetic; judges of character are rare; we repeat without thought the opinions of some third person, who has adopted them without inquiry; and thus it often happens that a proud generous man obtains in time the reputation of being 'a screw,' because he has refused to lend money to some impudent spendthrift, who from that moment abuses him; and a cold-hearted, civil spoken personage, profuse in costless services, with a spice of the parasite in him, or perhaps hospitable out of vanity, is invested with all the thoughtless sympathies of society, and passes current as that most popular of characters, 'a good fellow.'"

It is, however, not only in the London world that Guy Flouncey is popular and powerful. We know no part of the kingdom where a hearty manner, however patently insincere, is more serviceable than in the provincial cities of the Midlands, the West Riding and Lancashire. On the Stock Exchange, in Mincing Lane, and the Baltic, it is "the good fellow" that gets the business. Indeed, there are only two professions where the *faux bonhomme* is at a discount, the Bar and the Civil Service, where mental calibre alone counts. There is, by the way, a curious psychological fact connected with the subject of manner. There are public men who are shy and proud in private life, but who on the platform or in Parliament expand into an exuberant geniality. Sir Robert Peel was one of these. This is not exactly *faux bonhomie*: it is a higher kind of play acting: for shy people, when dressed up, are often good actors. Public manners are put on, like

grease-paint and wigs, to strut before the footlights, and are put off again without hypocrisy. Contrariwise, there are those, like Mr. Asquith, who appear frigid and stiff in public, but who in private life are genial and easy. But these are the manners of the great, and have nothing to do with the small but successful insect, who "flutters through life's little day" on the parti-coloured wings of "a good fellow."

THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC.

THE attitude of the French-Canadians towards the otherwise virile Federation of which they form a priest-ridden, unenterprising unit is little realized in this country. Their deplorable failure in the Great War to support either the Empire or their Mother Country, till, after three years of futile appeal, conscription saved a fraction of their face, earned them, to be sure, some unfavourable distinction. Moreover, the analogy with Ireland was conspicuous; statistically it was an even more shameful business, but, unlike the other, boldly dealt with and by a Government far less powerfully equipped for strong measures. Roughly 16,000 enlisted out of 1½ millions in the province of Quebec, and 5,000 out of the half-million scattered through the Dominion. The Anglo-Canadian figures at that time were about 380,000 out of 5½ millions!

Nearly all the French-Canadians spring from the 70,000 French-descended peasants who in 1763 were handed over unconditionally by Louis XV to Great Britain. Subsequent immigration from France other than clerical has been trifling. A modern Frenchman would be the last man in Europe to feel at home in the stifling ecclesiastical atmosphere of Quebec. Priestcraft is its leading industry, and outside the small British minority, its social and political life is virtually dictated by an Ultra-Montane Church, the only State Church in North America, thanks to the misplaced generosity of British rulers in the long past. Endowed with tithes and dues and further privileges extracted from the rivalries of self-seeking Protestant politicians, it brooks no opposition. With sixty-five votes at Ottawa, solid from training and from fear in all religious questions, the rest can be imagined!

The free secular schools of every other Province and every American State are anathema to the Black-robos of Quebec, who have entire control of the education of their race in both school and college. Their exclusive aim is the manufacture of what is known in Quebec as "good Catholics," glib repeaters of catechisms and formulæ which anathematize heretics and preach the bondage of the cleric and the Pope. In the schools at least the secular side of tuition is not only thus unduly trenchanted upon, but is otherwise notoriously inadequate for effective citizenship and co-operation with the British element which shares the splendid heritage of the Dominion. For it may be said at once that there neither is nor ever has been any social commerce between the races. Most Anglo-Canadian writers gloss over this national misfortune from misplaced delicacy or other politic reasons. Even at such crowded points of racial contact as Ottawa and Montreal that social barrier which the Catholic Church has helped so much to raise and labours so stealthily to maintain, is virtually intact. Indeed, the Church has worked so effectively that the average Anglo-Canadian from the Atlantic to the Pacific simply regards his French fellow-citizens, so far as he regards them at all, as inferior beings: and, needless to add, this antipathy is mutual. Those who do not share it are a negligible fraction of either race. Nor yet, thanks largely to these clerical ingrates, will the added bitterness of 1914-17 mend matters! How should it? This, indeed, is the great "Tragedy of Quebec." An able book bearing that title* published before the war, and now appearing in a fourth and revised edition, lies before us. It is the work of an Anglo-Canadian who has spent a long life in the once famous Eastern-Township of Quebec, the only important British agricultural settlement in the French Province.

* *The Tragedy of Quebec*. By Robert Sellar. Ontario Press, Toronto.

This district covers several counties in Southern Quebec on the borders of Vermont. Formerly severed by 100 miles of virgin forest from the old French country on the St. Lawrence, it was first opened more than a century ago by American settlers and developed by English, Scottish and Ulster immigrants into a homogeneous English-speaking community of great vigour. It became by far the most productive region in the Province, and provided the large garrisons of Quebec and Montreal with much needed supplies that the poorly farmed French districts were incapable of furnishing. By the 'sixties "The Townships" ranked with the best districts of Western Ontario, and on this account, a decade later, we visited them ourselves. Thirty years afterwards we inspected them again, urged thereto by the melancholy stories of British depopulations which were in all men's mouths, and form the text upon which the above-mentioned exhaustive book is written. In 1867 there were living here 57,000 British farming folk with 25,000 French, mostly their employés. To-day the former have actually declined, while the latter number 180,000. This is what the clerical press significantly describes as "the peaceful conquest of the Eastern townships."

Why "conquest"? It was a purely British creation out of the wild woods far removed from the inhabited French districts, and in a country over all of which the British flag flies. But the prosperous efficiency of this famous region, in heretic hands, irked the priests, and by stealthy, patient wiles, aided by Quebec-made legislation, they have well-nigh reduced it to the taxed and tithed stagnation characteristic of the Province and the goal of their ambitions. They have, in short, succeeded in rendering "The Townships" intolerable to the virile stock whose forbears made them. Farms once famous for pedigree herds and heavy crops are now under the blighting hand of the reactionary *habitant*. Thousands of these have been established at the expense of a priest-ridden Government. Numbers of others have been helped to out-bid intending Protestant buyers of farms, out of the immense wealth of the Church itself, always secured by mortgage, with the further profit of the tithes, dues and building-taxes to be extracted from its much-enduring *protégés*. Yet more, the ecclesiastical parish, embodying certain civic claims, was foisted on the Townships, which had been granted by the Crown, on Anglo-Canadian Township law, and individually in free and common socage, and as such consistently upheld by Crown lawyers. The Quebec Government over-rode all this, and arbitrarily extended the powers originally granted only to the delimited fief-held French Seigneurial districts to these British-created settlements. An Irish Catholic community within them, who had supported their own priests and sent their children to the free schools, were pounced upon for tithe and dues, and on resisting had French priests substituted for their own, which seems to have settled the matter. For, it should be said, the Irish and French Catholics will have nothing to say to each other, while thus intolerant of the English within their borders. The French Canadians, headed by their priests, have pushed themselves in solid blocks into the English Provinces, and secured by political jobs at Ottawa the right to inflict their sectarian schools on the free-school system of Ontario. "Mutual concession" is the plausible plea, but it is wholly fallacious. The free school is purely educative, leaving religious instruction to the children's parents and pastors. The Catholics of the United States are quite content with it. But apart from its inferior teaching, the Confessional School is a hopeless institution for a non-Catholic child. In many of the back settlements its teachers are young unqualified girls at trifling salaries, wholly absorbed in preparing the children for their first Communion!

The one aim of the Quebec Church is extension of power, and its dream, mad to outsiders as it may seem, is to get a grip on the whole of Canada. But the Church is much too cunning to lead its docile people under the banner of ecclesiastical aggrandisement. Always it holds before them the bogey of danger to their language and customs, and represents itself as

the indispensable defender of both. Yet, when a great meeting in celebration of the French language was held at Montreal, the French Protestants were refused participation! Historical myths have been so industriously perpetuated that even British Canadians, who are curiously indifferent to their own early history, carelessly accept them. One is that the right of this clerical domination is a sort of licensed survival of the old French regime. On the contrary, the French Kings kept the Quebec Church in absolute submission. It could not even appoint a parish priest, much less create parishes. The Jesuits were expelled. In the nineteenth century they were brought back! Other religious Orders were strictly curtailed and fresh ones forbidden entry to the country. Since 1841 they have been pouring in; Canada has been a dumping ground for the rejected of France. There are now 20,000 persons in clerical uniform of some sort in the Province of Quebec alone!

And what has this swarm of Ultra-Montanes taught their people? 1914-17 is the shameful answer. To betray the country they sprang from and stultify those age-long professions of affection which have served as a perennial excuse for lukewarmness or worse towards the British Empire. To betray the latter, which has treated them with a generosity unparalleled in history.

A still more notable myth has it that the French "saved Canada to the Empire," on the two American invasions, 1775-6 and 1812-14. On the first occasion nearly the whole population assisted the Americans, either indirectly or in their fighting ranks. On the second, though not disloyal, their services were but little required, as the British Province was the main seat of the war, of which British regulars and militia bore practically the whole heavy burden. How a fiction, that the slightest reference to history would dissipate at once, can thus survive, even in after-dinner speeches, has always passed our understanding!

"REPRODUCTIONS."

THE conscious attempt to copy anything of a past age from, say, a Gothic cathedral to a silver button is a modern invention generally known as a reproduction. Most reproductions have one, a negative, virtue. They are so badly done, being entirely mechanical with all the life and beauty of the original lost, that nobody with an elementary knowledge is deceived. When, as occasionally happens, the copy is so well done that the old and the new can be hardly distinguished, one is filled with wonder and disgust that a skilful craftsman should abuse his talent.

This does not mean that old work can be ignored. Deliberate striving after originality will produce results as bad, but in a different way, as the worst forms of copying. Some of the worst buildings in London are not lacking in originality—they are too original, blatant with vulgarity and ignorance. The supreme workman, whom we generally call artist, trained to the full possibilities of his materials and tools, and to the needs of the thing he is making, uses intelligently everything that suits his purpose. The reproduction is soulless and brainless, always the outcome of a dull mind and generally of a clumsy untrained hand.

Some people argue that modern work is so bad and ugly that they buy reproductions in self-defence. A great deal of modern work is bad, but the best of it is as good as most ages can show. Greater effort must be made to bring the craftsmen and the public together, and much more attention must be given to the design of machine-made articles of common use. In any case if we copy now, when and how can we begin to do something of our own? Another reason against copying is that it cheats history. The collection, for instance, at the South Kensington Museum is of intense interest, partly because it tells the story of the ages; and although many things there have no pretence to good design, we would not have them lost. And the future will expect to know what the early 20th century thought and did.

One man who can see a little beyond the 18th century has bought an Elizabethan house and wants to build an addition. He is in a difficulty. He says "I admire Henry VIII's metalwork and Charles I's furniture immensely, and I am very much in sympathy with the revival of the arts and crafts; but I must have the new part of my house in keeping with the old." Let him start at the choir screen in Westminster Abbey and walk down the nave, looking at the bases of the piers; and even if his knowledge of architectural history does not go further than Parker's "A.B.C.," he will not find it difficult to decide where Henry III. left off. Has it ever been questioned whether the 15th century work is "in keeping" with the earlier part?

The most difficult argument to meet is that of the Man of Taste who says "Oh! modern work does not appeal to me. I want a Georgian house with a Jacobean library, and my wife will have an Adam drawing room. And the Sheffield candlesticks fitted with electric lamps are so jolly. Everything is in such good taste, and correct according to the various styles." A well-known man at a meeting the other day said that men and women look their best in a setting of decoration and furniture in the English 18th century style, which was becoming more in favour every day. And the applause of the audience showed that the sentiment is popular. Presumably those of us who cannot possess the real thing should consult a West End shopkeeper.

Imagine the Man of Taste going to the Carlton Club in the full dress of a Charles I. Cavalier, or his wife carried by flunkies in a Sedan chair to "do her bit" at the War Hospital. They would be mildly amusing, but quite harmless because they would be recognised as cranks.

Unfortunately public opinion is not so advanced in other matters; and until reproductions become unpopular the majority of people will not see them in their true light. English craftsmen of the highest order are neglected, except by a few who appreciate good design as a necessary part of good work. Here is a great opportunity. If people who are able and willing to buy the best will encourage English craftsmanship it may in a few years recover the position it held in the world many years ago.

[We think our contributor undervalues reproductions, some of which, in our humble opinion, are quite good. Nor do we agree that a skilful reproduction is an abuse of talent. A good copy is better than a bad original.—ED. S. R.]

THE FUTURE OF UNIVERSITY LIFE.

THE war has been a breaker of continuity in many spheres; in none more than in the life of our venerable Universities. For there, in pre-war days, continuity seemed to be everything. Half the charm of an Oxford or Cambridge College lay in its treasury of past associations. The centuries which had mellowed its walls and produced its incomparable garden-lawns had contributed other less palpable, yet none the less real, elements to the life of a later time. We sometimes sum up those elements as "atmosphere," and the word is a good one; for this influence, whatever it may have been, was something which we breathed in almost unconsciously. It surrounded us; it was all-pervading; it was the dimly felt, yet invisible, background to all our activities. Through it the College became an entity; so much so that one could believe that, in some curious way, it had a memory of its own. One almost felt its kindly philosophic tolerance, as it viewed the exploits and the fame of the heroes of the hour, and remembered how many heroes of how many past generations it had known—all of them the cynosures, the applauded, of their time. Even if we did not realise this homely philosophy while we were ourselves undergraduates and (who knows?) something "in the hero line" ourselves, we realised it a few years later, when we returned on a brief visit to the scenes of our erstwhile triumphs. Who recognised us? A don or two, a scout or two. Our entry into the quad-

rangle created no sensation. No instinct seemed to tell those members of a newer generation, who happened to witness that entry, that here was one of the great ones of old time. Our greatness, in short, might never have been, but for the fact that a photographic group or two, hanging in the Porter's Lodge, proclaimed its authenticity.

That was a sad moment, in which something of the *lacrimae rerum* was brought home to us. The eternal truth of the flux of things entered into our souls, as it had entered into the soul of Heraclitus in a past age. And with it there came upon us something of that brooding consciousness which, we feel, the College itself must possess. "Men may come and men may go"—the reflection is always a chastening one, if one happens to be one of the men. It must, perhaps, be a saddening one, on the other hand, to any consciousness which happens to perish through the flux. We recollect a scout at our own College who celebrated his jubilee of scoutdom in our fourth year. At another College there was a warden who had held office for an even longer period. One likes to think that these officials had each, in his own sphere, something of this feeling of *desiderium*. But the scout was a cheery old soul, apparently not much given to philosophising; and we never met the warden. But at least, let us posit the feeling, in the case of the *alma mater*, the College itself, in the course of whose history, no doubt, many previous scouts had celebrated their jubilees, though we do not recollect that we ever had a Head who reigned for so long. The feeling may not have dwelt in other, inferior Colleges; but in ours:—

Nay, but I have a sign!

'Tis very sure, it dwelt in mine.

We felt it, when we made the entry alluded to. But we felt it far more acutely when we made another entry several years later. Imagine our sensations when, instead of the sober groups of gown-clad scholars, discussing knotty points in the lectures to which they had just been listening—everyone will remember this daily feature of their College quadrangle life—we found the whole place filled with riotous Flying Corps Cadets! What did these cheery youths know of the Classics? Could a single one of them have passed "Divvers"? Probably not; and yet here they were, inhabiting the rooms of the Elect, and seemingly quite at home. Our only comfort was to learn that, in place of the lordlier distribution of earlier days, these martial youngsters were packed by fours and fives into each set of rooms. As for the undergraduate population, it had vanished, save for one or two isolated individuals, dusky-hued or C3, who every now and then passed in or out with an air of nervousness and discomfiture, as though conscious of being a kind of museum exhibit—the curious relics of a bygone age. Poor fellows! To think that this was all that they had ever known, or would ever know, of College life!

The entry of which we have spoken was far sadder than the earlier one, because we could not help feeling that something greater than the individual had suffered. On the earlier occasion we were the only victims; but here, one knew instinctively, the College itself was involved. Something had broken—something treasured with loving care through hundreds of years; and that "something" was Tradition. And to say that tradition had broken is to say that the College had been stricken in its very soul. For the soul of a College, is not tradition its other name?

Can that breach ever be repaired? That is the question which must be in the minds of many at the present moment—of older dons who have remained in residence during the war; of younger dons hurrying back, laden with O.B.E.'s and new experience, from the Government Offices in which they have been lending such invaluable assistance; and of ex-undergraduates, who, though they have now nothing to do with the old place, yet feel tenderly towards its memories and would fain see it remain as it was before. A four years' breach—the life of a whole scholastic generation! Can so gaping a wound ever be healed?

It remains to be seen. Possibly, from a purely academical point of view, the breach is not irreparable.

The machinery of lectures, examinations, and the eternal routine of College life can be set in motion again. For the staff and the statutes are there. But what of the inner and more impalpable tradition, which was so potent a disciplinary factor in the olden days? What of the unwritten gospel of "good form"—of the things one might certainly not do, of the thousand and one little permissions and inhibitions which went to the turning out of that finished article, the perfect undergraduate? Will the coming generation speak of "undergrads"? Will it call its tutor "sir"? Will it talk shop, unconcerned, in hall? Will it—but memory boggles at the number of minutiae about which the question might be asked.

Possibly these are trivial points. The undergraduate of the future may, with some show of reason, hold them up to ridicule. But that is because tradition has been broken. Only those who were up in the days when tradition was still continuous can realise how solemn, how sacred, these unwritten rules were, or what wholesome scorn was the meed of the man who was rash enough to disregard them. It may be, even, that the "Oxford manner" will become a thing of the past. But think, in that case, of the loss of pleasure to those who have hitherto prided themselves on being able to detect it! Of a truth, the possibilities of the future are sinister in the extreme. We can only hope that the dons and the scouts who, like time-honoured monuments, have survived out of the old epoch into the new, will do all that they can to revive a tradition of which they are the only remaining custodians. Lectures should be given on it; fat note-books should be filled with its precepts; there should be terminal and annual examinations to test how far each undergraduate has imbibed its spirit and its letter. If that be done, there is still hope. All may not yet be lost; and at our next entry into the quadrangle we may not have altogether the feeling that we are entering into a new and alien world.

THE OLD DEER PARK.

EVERY Saturday afternoon during the autumn and winter months the faithful followers of Rugby football have tried to forget the war while watching the games in the Old Deer Park. Blackheath, Twickenham and the Richmond Athletic Ground have been compelled to close their gates, but in the Old Deer Park the flags have been kept flying and the referees on the trot. Not that the war could be ignored altogether, since all the fifteen have been khaki, and talk has inevitably turned on the famous players of the past—Poulton-Palmer, Watson, Sutherland, A. L. Harrison, and many more—who will never handle the ball again. But still one has instinctively looked forward, and picked out possible internationals, while Captain John Greenwood, Captain Millar of South African fame, and others have appeared from time to time to carry on the old tradition. This season the Public Schools Services' XV. has been playing the game as it should be played, in spite of war restrictions which have prevented men at the last moment from getting up from camp. They are avowedly a scratch team, and as such they fared somewhat badly the other day at the hands of the Machine Gun School from Grantham, and can hardly expect to avoid defeat from the New Zealanders. But, although one seldom gets such combination as that of Adrian Stoop passing to Birkett and Birkett putting poor Lambert in, they have produced a fine individualist stand-off half in Collier of Osborne, a winger of parts in Captain "A. R. Le Quinn" and a sound full back in Captain J. D. King.

Though given up nowadays to football, lawn-tennis, and golf, with the inevitable wartime potato-patch in one corner, the Old Deer Park has in its time been the scene of political intrigue and royal festivity. It was originally an outlying portion of Richmond Park, devoted, as its name implies, to deer. No high road ran past it from Richmond to Kew; that thoroughfare only came into existence after 1728, when Tunstall, the owner of the Brentford ferry, obtained Parliamentary powers to build the first of the Kew bridges, despite the opposition of the barge masters. But a country

road ran through the park, Kew Foot Lane by name, and its beginning, with some old houses on either side, can still be seen behind the District Railway Station at Richmond. It wandered past the Observatory, through the vanished hamlet of West Sheen, a collection of some fifteen or twenty houses, then it made in the direction of the present Broad Walk in Kew Gardens, and it ended at the ferry after taking a bend to the left. Another rustic path was called Love Lane, as befitted the trysting place of village swains. The two were closed to traffic and obliterated some fifty years after the opening of Kew Bridge.

During the last years of his life, James Thomson, the poet of 'The Seasons,' lived in a small cottage at the Richmond end of Kew Foot Lane. He often sallied thence, no doubt, to visit his patrons Lord Burlington at Chiswick and Bubb Dodington at La Trappe, Hammersmith. Indolent, and loving his ease, "more fat than bard beseeemed," Thomson was an agreeable specimen of the eighteenth-century man of letters. His friendships appear to have been constant, though he was closely associated with the atrabilious Mallock; he never fawned and he never sponged. But, after his death in 1748, his modest home was transformed by a war profiteer of those days, James Ross, an enemy agent, who "out of veneration for his memory, forbore to pull it down, but enlarged and improved it at the cost of £9,000." The cottage became an entrance hall, with Thomson's mahogany table, piously inscribed, in the middle.

Some 570 yards to the north-east of the Observatory stood Richmond Lodge, a more impressive edifice than Thomson's cottage, even when aggrandised by means of the army agent's £9,000. It was built by James Butler, the second Duke of Ormonde, on the site of a gamekeeper's hut, and old prints represent it as a handsome brick and freestone building in the Wren style, approached through wrought-iron gates and a long courtyard flanked by high walls. Outside the gates Sir Plumes of the moment are nicely conducting their clouded canes. Handsome, accessible, and eloquent, the Duke was the darling of the London mob, "the bubble," as Bolingbroke bitterly styled him, "of his own popularity." He accepted an odious task when he succeeded Marlborough as Captain-General in Flanders, tied down by the notorious "restraining orders," while Bolingbroke was negotiating a dishonest peace behind the backs of the Allies. After the accession of George I, he held receptions at Richmond Lodge, which were frequented by avowed Jacobites. Then, like Boulanger after him, he took fright and fled abroad to die in exile, one of the many soldiers who have been ruined by dabbling in political conspiracy.

Ormonde's estates were confiscated, but by and by his circumspect brother, the Earl of Arran, was allowed to buy them back, and he leased Richmond Lodge to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. With the new reign Queen Caroline became architecturally busy. Close to the Lodge she built a dairy house in the form of a Greek temple and a "managery" for a collection of Indian cattle, wild swine and pheasants. Her better-known efforts, The Hermitage and The Grotto, which Pope and 'The Craftsman' held up to scorn, lay further away, on or about the present Syon Vista, and outside the boundaries of the Old Deer Park. But Richmond Lodge was her favourite home, and it was there that Scott placed his moving interview between the Queen and Jeanie Deans, one of the most delightful incidents in all fiction. Nor was the house deserted after her death, since we have Horace Walpole's unforgettable description of George II driving Lady Yarmouth and some six favoured members of his household down to dine at Richmond every Saturday in the summer. "They went in coaches and six, in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse guards kicking up the dust before them; dined, walked for an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade; and his Majesty thought himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe."

George III and Queen Caroline used Richmond Lodge as a summer residence for some ten years. Then, in his restless way, the King pulled it down and

by name, other side, Station at, observatory, a collec made in Kew Gar a bend to ve Lane. ns. The ome fifty Thomson, cottage at en sallied, urlingtoe, Trappe, e, "more agreeable, ters. His ough he allock; he after his med by a n enemy rry, fore- oved it al entrance ously in- servatory, fice than oy means oy James site of a s a hand- en style. d a long he gates ing their eloquent, ob, "the "of his when he Flanders, s," while ce behind ssion of Lodge. Then, and fled riers who iracy. y and by s allowed Lodge to With the ally busy, the form collection er better- o, which lay fur- ista, and k. But d it was between delight- deserted ole's un- g Lady s of his Saturday x, in the kicking hour in; and his and lively

commissioned Sir William Chambers to build a new palace on the site. But, on the death of his mother, the Princess of Wales, in 1774, he migrated to Kew and the palace, which was to have been a pretentious turreted affair, never rose above its foundations. The Observatory, however, had been finished by Chambers in 1769, and it remains the sole relic of the royal passion for architecture in the Old Deer Park. Finally, in 1785, an Act of Parliament was passed by which the greater part of the gardens attached to Richmond Lodge were united with those belonging to Kew Palace, and the boundary line of to-day was drawn between them and the grounds which in these latter days are profitably devoted to golf and "Rugger."

CORRESPONDENCE

CAPITALISTS AND THE ENEMY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I see that in your issue of 28th December you make some comments on my letter in *The Times* in which I pointed out, as an original member of the Blockade Committee, that British capitalists had assisted the enemy and been a danger to the blockade.

Your reply is to charge me with being either "dupe or accomplice." Even if that charge were true, it would not excuse the feeding of the enemy by private interests of the "my friends Messrs. Krupp" type. But it is ludicrously untrue. I had the pleasure of playing a hand in defeating the enemy at home. I may be permitted to mention, e.g. :—

(1) That the policy of rationing neutrals, which largely made the success of the blockade, was suggested by me, and

(2) That the then Government's policy of permitting our merchants to supply what I termed "food comforts" to the enemy was stopped on my initiative and (by a majority, after long debate) on my motion.

There are many other items in the account, but your space is limited and I am busy.

Your suggestion that I ought to have resigned from the Government is somewhat inaccurate. I was not a member of the Government until December, 1916, by which time the blockade was a good blockade which largely helped to defeat the enemy. Public inquiry (which I demand) would establish that the earlier adoption of my suggestions would have greatly shortened the war. The facts are on record in Government offices.

But do please go on saying "Bolshevist." It amuses me.

Your obedient servant,

LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

December 29th, 1918.

[As Sir Leo Chiozza Money did not join the Government till December, 1916, he is certainly clear of legal or political responsibility for what was done in the first two years of war. But, as an original member of the Blockade Committee, is he clear of moral responsibility? We did not ask why he did not "resign," but why he did not "denounce and expose" the transactions which he now publishes. If Sir Leo can prove that the earlier adoption of his suggestions would have shortened the war, we shall be glad to make him our acknowledgments. We should welcome the publication of the list of those firms and companies that received "permits" to trade with the enemy—there were some, we know—and to export to neutrals. We are glad to contribute to Sir Leo's amusement, though it is rather his amendment that we aim at.—ED. S.R.]

WHAT THE GERMANS MEANT TO DO.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In December, 1917, when they thought they were going to win, the Society of German Steel and Iron Manufacturers and the Society of German Iron-masters presented a petition to the German Imperial Government praying that the mine basin of

French Lorraine should be incorporated in the territory of the German Empire.

This exceedingly interesting document, which is as significant as it is interesting, has been translated by the Iron-masters' Committee in France, and I think it should be in the hands of every member of the Peace Congress.

All the arguments of this *strictly confidential* memorandum are based upon the following postulate:

"Germany has the right to seize the assets of others when she deems that she needs them.

"This right becomes a duty if the value of the mining area to be annexed is considerable.

"And this duty at the present hour (December, 1917) has become an imperative necessity for Germany in order that she may be able to carry on her future wars."

The memorandum contains the following significant paragraph:

"And even this production of pig-iron, attaining only about 80 per cent. of the peace output, would have been impossible if the French, immediately after the declaration of war, had been able to destroy, by long-range artillery fire from their fortress of Longwy situated close to the frontier, the blast-furnaces and hauling-gear and the mine-shafts of the iron-producing districts of Luxembourg and Lorraine, all of which were easy targets for artillery.

"This output, too, would have been impossible to maintain had the French been able to blow up their own plant—blast-furnaces and gear—near their frontier.

"Luckily for us, the French were unable to destroy the iron-producing zones situated on both sides of the Franco-German frontier, otherwise, having regard to the insufficiency of our iron supply, we should not have been able to manufacture sufficient shells for our artillery, and the war would have been decided in a very few months to our disadvantage."

In conclusion, the German iron-masters say that Germany must be for ever grateful to Bismarck for having foreseen the high value and importance of the iron-ore deposits and the coal-deposits of Lorraine and for having insisted on their annexation in 1871, by Germany. Had he realised that the Briey iron-basin was going to prove so valuable, Bismarck would have insisted on Briey being included in the German frontier of 1871; but the valuable discovery that the phosphate iron ore of Briey can be treated profitably is only a recent one.

The petitioners point out that the annexation of Lorraine in '71 gave employment to two million Germans directly, and indirectly to many more millions.

The petitioners implore the Imperial Government to see to it that all the French iron and coal basins are secured to Germany by the peace terms.

Finally the memorandum states: "Our victory furnishes us with the opportunity and the right of adding to the weakest link in the chain of our defences a buttress against which every enemy's assault must break itself. If this opportunity be let slip, the German people must be doomed to go under in our future wars."

Yours sincerely,

H. DE M.

THE RHINE FRONTIER.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Metz is to-day the strongest fortress in the world for reasons which differ entirely from those which engaged the skill of Vauban to construct bastions in the seventeenth century.

In those days, Metz was the junction of the many human tides ebbing and flowing east and west, and the Moselle bearing traffic northwards. To-day, Metz is a buttress in the chain of defences which the military genius of Germany has devised to guard those most precious sinews of war, coal and iron.

Metz stands on the Moselle, and the Moselle divides the Saar coal-basin, on the east, from the Briey and Luxembourg ferruginous deposits, on the west.

The treaty of 1815 secured to Germany half the Saar coal-basin, and the treaty of Frankfort, in 1871, the remaining half: it has been estimated that the Saar coal-basin contains 33 milliards of tons of coal.

Had Bismarck realised in 1871 that the Briey iron deposits were valuable, he would undoubtedly have brought pressure to bear at the Frankfort congress to obtain a more westerly frontier for Germany, one which would have included Briey. But the discovery that these phosphorus bearing iron-ores can be profitably treated is a modern one, so the Briey district only became precious in the covetous eyes of the Germans subsequent to 1871.

The German iron-masters of the twentieth century have worthily maintained the tradition of those German tribes which Tacitus described two thousand years ago as itching to plunder their rich neighbours in Gaul.

The frontier between France and Germany has ever been like the shifting bed of a river. Heedless of the Divine wrath menacing "him who removeth his neighbour's land-mark," Charlemagne, the Othos, Turenne, Napoleon and Moltke, in turn, callously trampled underfoot the eighth and tenth Commandments.

From the day when Charlemagne crossed the Rhine to conquer Saxon and Hun, to those August evenings in 1870 when Moltke and his pot-valorous Royal Prussian marshals managed to filch victory, in the bloody fields of Vionville and St. Privat, from the imbecile, or treacherous, Bazaine, the shifting river-bed of the Franco-German frontier has always been a seat of inflammation in European politics.

But one fact looms through the fog of history: the Rhine is the natural frontier.

Not until Charlemagne crossed the Rhine was he deemed to have embarked on his career of conquest: and, despite German and American casuists, Charlemagne was a Frenchman; French by blood, by the land of his birth; alike in monarchical as in Republican tradition: was it not with the sword of Charlemagne that the Maid of Orleans saved France?

In all the raids, in all the wars, the aim and object of the defender was to hurl the invader back to the Rhine; it was for this that Lothaire in the tenth and Philippe Auguste in the thirteenth century summoned to their standards all the chivalry of France.

If we are ever to grasp that will-o'-the-wisp, a lasting peace, the Rhine must be France's frontier; the League of Nations is doomed to follow in the tracks of the Holy Alliance, the mad armament competition between Krupp and Armstrong is bound to be renewed, if the coal and iron-fields of Lorraine be left in Germany's hands.

What we all long for is a gentler philosophy; what the world—more especially the German world—needs is more Kant and less cannon, less Krupp and more Categorical Imperative!

Yours faithfully,

A LIAISON OFFICER.

THE WAR, THE ARMISTICE AND AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There will be other great wars. We must now accept this as certain. The whole case of the Allies was muddled and "queered" by the armistice. New wars were rendered certain when the American Government responded to the armistice overtures and "conversed" with Germany. This prevented the Allies from fighting their way through to Berlin, wholly crushing all Teuton resistance, and teaching internal Germany the meaning of war and the nature of that utter downfall the German people so little thought possible when they jubilantly toasted the ruin of the rest of the world.

We now believe that the war has been won. It has not. The armistice, that premature gesture of peace, has nullified the victory of the Allies. Germany has won. By means of the wireless and cablegrams to the American President she emerges from the great carnage, essentially whole. Her national integrity will be spared. The loss of a province will harm her little. Mercy will raise its head at the peace table and will prevail over wisdom and common sense.

Until April 6th, 1917, the American people were peaceful and profiteering spectators of the most dreadful infamy ever enacted by man. Unmoved, they saw the heavens falling and hell descending on the world. It did not concern them, they had no stake in universal events. One hundred million Americans transferred their destiny to the keeping of a man or two in Washington. That absolute abdication of the whole people was afterward seen to be the most awful crime a responsible democracy ever committed.

To-day the entire American people have resumed that self-obliterating rôle. They have effaced themselves as political and moral entities. They have consented to play no part in the most prodigious decisions of all time. They have again transferred their destiny to the keeping of the same man or two from Washington.

When they did this between 1914 and '17, all human values came so near complete annihilation, that repetition of the act would seem almost to prove Americans as unfit for democratic self-government as jungle Africans. This is not popular rule. Democracy cannot survive on these terms. A hundred million people cannot be condensed into one person by the process of an election. When a nation thus ceases to function, colossal punishment is inevitably awaiting it. That punishment will be greater future wars than the world has yet known.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

Boston, Mass, U.S.A.

PRESIDENT WILSON.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In a daily paper, I read recently that the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* invited President Wilson to visit Cologne "because the Cathedral is a point of attraction such as no city in Europe possesses." That paper should be instructed that Mr. Wilson will have no time to admire the Cologne Cathedral, or he would inevitably be more inclined to make a pilgrimage to another Cathedral always supreme in beauty, but which now has the tragic distinction of being still more exalted above all other shrines by reason of its long martyrdom under the hail of German shells during the last four years. It miraculously survived in ruins, as an eternal monument to their barbarity and their shame.

Yours truly, F. C.

HIGHER WAGES AND COST OF LIVING.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I point out the faulty logic and palpable injustice of granting an increase of wages on the ground of the enhanced cost of living?

If the income of the wage-earner has lessened its purchasing power the same fate has befallen the income of those who secure an honest livelihood other than by earning wages. High prices constitute a burden on the whole of the community and no one section can shirk its share without dishonesty and dishonour.

The money needed for increasing wages does not drop "like the gentle dew from Heaven;" it has to be transferred directly or indirectly from the pockets of non-wage earning citizens, who are thus left to meet increased demands with diminished resources. The thrifty purchaser of a small annuity, which has lost half its purchasing power, has, in common with those better to do, to contribute his portion to the world's man's wages which are going up by leaps and bounds.

It may be that wage-earners deem themselves entitled to preferential treatment and admittedly, they have, by strikes and other means, the power to secure it. But, surely, the exercise of such power goes to emphasise those very class distinctions which wage-earners denounce with special vehemence. Let us cease to prate about class distinctions if we claim for our own class, whatever it may be, exemptions and privileges which other classes of our fellow countrymen equally deserving, are, of necessity, denied.

Yours, &c.,
FRANK ADKINS.

15, Wynne Road,
London, S.W. 9.

REVIEWS

THE BLUNDER OF THE DARDANELLES.

Secrets of the Bosphorus. By Ambassador Henry Morgenthau. London: Hutchinson & Co. 8s. 6d. net

THOUGH printed in bad type on bad paper, Mr. Morgenthau's 'Secrets of the Bosphorus' is a valuable book, which all should read if they want to know how it was that in 1914 England, who fought the Crimean war in 1856 and stopped Russia at the gates of Constantinople in 1877, was thrown over by the Turk at the instance of Germany. Like all great catastrophes in history, the war was not produced by one man or one event, but by a confluence of causes. The murder of the Archduke was, of course, a pretext: but it was not the ex-Kaiser's ambition alone, or the dotage of Francis Joseph, that led to the war, though they were powerful contributory factors. The orientation of the tragedy is not so simple as that: we must go farther back a few years. Perhaps the most potent contributory agent, the *causa causans*, was the Treaty of Bucharest in 1913, which closed the second Balkan war. The Treaty of Bucharest took Macedonia away from Bulgaria, who had won it in the first Balkan war, and divided it between Greece and Serbia. By the previous war Turkey had lost all her European empire, except Constantinople, Adrianople, and about a hundred miles of adjacent territory. Thus the year 1914 found a partitioned Turkey, a disappointed and humiliated Bulgaria, and a triumphant and greatly strengthened Serbia. Turkey and Bulgaria had therefore nothing to lose and everything to gain by a new war, which with such powerful allies as the Emperors of Germany and Austria seemed too good a chance to miss. At the same time the strengthening and expansion of Serbia really alarmed Austria. We may condemn as loudly as we please, and with *post-bellum* wisdom, the policy of the late Austrian Empire towards the Slavs of the Balkan peninsula. But for centuries the settled policy of Austria had been the suppression of the Slav nationalities as a danger to the empire. Right or wrong, that was Austrian policy—and Austrian statesmen of the imperial era might say some things about our Irish policy—and there is no denying that the rapid rise of Serbia after the second Balkan war was a danger which threatened the rule of Francis Joseph. It is therefore mere ignorance to describe the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in July after the Archduke's murder as a wanton and brutal piece of bullying. From the Austrian point of view it was an inevitable step in their policy, and it was taken to safeguard the existence of the Austrian Empire. The support of the German Emperor, and his deliberate provocation of a European war, had no such justification, and was prompted solely by his conviction, and that of his Headquarters Staff, that the hour for the conquest of the world by Germany had struck. In justice to the late Austrian Government this distinction between the guilt of Germany and Austria should be remembered.

When the war broke out in August, 1914, the Allies, France, Russia, and Britain, offered to guarantee the integrity of the Sultan's dominions in Europe and Asia, if Turkey would remain neutral. And there can be no doubt that the offer would have been accepted if England had been represented at the Golden Horn by a strong Ambassador, of the Stratford Canning type. But Sir Gerard Lowther had been both a weak and an indolent Ambassador, and by the time Sir Louis Mallet took his place, Baron Wangenheim had managed, at all events in the eyes of Young Turkey, to "fill the bill," and also the pockets of Enver and Talaat. A blunder on the part of the British Naval command in the Mediterranean clenched the business. On the 5th August, 1914, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, two fast battle-cruisers, were taking in stores at Messina. The British Mediterranean fleet was waiting for them outside, and had blocked the straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, and Pola. The one place the British and French

Admirals had not blocked was the Dardanelles, relying, no doubt, on the treaties of 1856 and 1871, which forbade the passage of warships through the Straits in time of war. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* slipped past the British Mediterranean squadron into the Dardanelles, hoisted the Turkish flag in the Sea of Marmora, and steamed calmly into the Bosphorus. It was, of course, pretended that Germany had sold the ships to Turkey; but Mr. Morgenthau rightly describes the escape of these two ships and their appearance at Constantinople as forcing Turkey to join Germany, and thus deciding the fates of Bulgaria and Russia. Who was to blame for the escape of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*? The Admiral in command of the Mediterranean squadron at the time, was, we believe, almost immediately transferred to the West Indian Station.

The next naval blunder was even more serious. Mr. Morgenthau describes vividly the terror in Constantinople in January, 1915, six months after the declaration of war. Everybody in Constantinople, Turks, Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, British, lived in hourly expectation of the appearance of the British fleet to bombard and capture the city. The Turkish Government made preparations to fly to Asia: special trains were got ready to convey the officials and the diplomatists comfortably away; and Wangenheim, the German Ambassador, began to tackle the American Ambassador on the subject of peace! Yet in London the Government hadn't begun to think of the matter. Towards the end of January the Cabinet began to discuss the forcing of the Dardanelles: and on the 19th of February (1915), nearly two months after the panic over the anticipated victory, the British Navy bombarded the forts at the entrance to the Straits. But the fleet went away without achieving anything, except, perhaps, the range of the forts and the excavation of some Homeric remains, and, after allowing the enemy a month to repair and prepare, reappeared on the 18th March, when a terrific bombardment ensued, of which the outcome was the sinking of the *Bowvet*, the *Ocean*, and the *Irresistible*, and the serious crippling of four other ships, out of a total of sixteen men-of-war engaged. Mr. Morgenthau's eighteenth chapter is entitled "The Allied Armada sails away though on the brink of victory," and we advise everybody to read it. For the second time, the invincible British fleet sailed away, and did not return. Germans and Turks expected its return on the morrow. "The one overwhelming fact," writes the American Ambassador, "is that the fortifications were very short of ammunition. They had almost reached the limit of their resisting powers when the British fleet passed out on the afternoon of the 18th." General Mertens, the chief technical officer (German) at the Straits, told Mr. Schreiner (American Correspondent of the Associated Press), "We expect that the British will come back early to-morrow morning, and if they do we may be able to hold out for a few hours." The fact was, so Mr. Schreiner discovered, that Fort Hamidié, the most powerful defence on the Asiatic side, had just seventeen armour-piercing shells left, while at Kilid-ul-Bahr, which was the main defence on the European side, there were precisely ten. "I should advise you to get up at six o'clock to-morrow morning," said General Mertens to the American journalist, "and take to the Anatolian hills. That's what we are going to do." But the British fleet never came. Mr. Morgenthau's opinion is that had the British fleet appeared on the 19th March, they must have destroyed the forts in a few hours, swept up the mine-fields, easily sunk the Turkish and German ships in the Sea of Marmora (including the *Breslau* and *Goeben*), and appeared victorious before Constantinople on the 20th. He declares that the Turks would have welcomed the British fleet with enthusiasm: that there would have been a revolution in which Enver, Talaat and the Germans would have been driven out: that the result would have been the saving of Russia, the accession of Turkey, and Bulgaria to the Entente, and the speedy and inevitable collapse of the Central Empires. Such is the deliberate opinion, formed in Constantinople as the events were passing before him, of the American Ambassador.

Why did the British fleet not appear on the 19th March, 1915? Who gave it orders not to renew the attack on the forts? Lord Fisher had named twelve ships as the price of forcing the Dardanelles. From the fact that the British fleet had twice attacked the straits, on the 19th February and the 18th March, we must assume that the Cabinet realised the political importance of success. Whether the British admiral was or was not informed of the enemy's shortage of ammunition, the person responsible for the non-appearance of the British fleet on the 19th March, 1915, has a very serious charge to answer. Now that the war is over, we hope that the Report on the Dardanelles (which Mr. Morgenthau has evidently seen), will be published. For the subsequent entrance of Bulgaria into the war (September, 1915) on the side of Germany we cannot blame British diplomacy. Turkey and Germany were able to pay Bulgaria a bribe which we could not offer. Bulgaria wanted Macedonia back from Serbia at once. That we could not give. In the autumn of 1915, when the Gallipoli expedition was dragging its slow length, the Germans and Turks admitted to Mr. Morgenthau that without Bulgaria they could not continue to hold the Dardanelles. And so Turkey gave Bulgaria a fifty-mile strip of territory with the railway running from Sofia to the Ægean port of Dedeagatch and the western half of Adrianople; and the promise of Macedonia. And the British withdrew their ships and the remnants of their land force from Gallipoli; and Russia was lost; and the war prolonged for three years. Mr. Morgenthau, naturally, says nothing about the responsibility. But we may ask, who was responsible for the tragic series of failures in 1915? Lord Fisher? or Mr. Churchill? or Lord Kitchener? or Mr. Asquith? Mr. Churchill has told us that the ships were refused: it must therefore be Lord Fisher or Mr. Asquith who is responsible.

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL.

Democracy at the Crossways. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Macmillan. 15s. net.

THE author of this animated book places the rise of modern democracy rather late in history. He rules out Athens and Rome, in so far as Rome ever was a democracy, because they never produced a representative system. In the same way he dismisses the Forest Cantons of Switzerland, and the vigorous mediæval democracies of Florence and Pisa, since in them too the citizens exercised direct influence on the Government. Professor Hearnshaw thus clears away from the ground for enquiry many instances in which writers like Mitford have discovered reasons for despondency, and others like Grote causes for encouragement. On the whole we think that he is right in his limitations; that the "lessons of history" may easily be overstated, and parallels drawn where no true parallel exists. Representative institutions do, undoubtedly, provide at once a vehicle and a safeguard for the democratic idea, and until they assumed a definite shape, we have no real means of judging how the rule of the many is likely to work in the future. At the same time we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that democracies, whether ancient, mediæval or modern, tend to administrative inefficiency and extravagance, popular disorder, and that worst of all social curses, class warfare.

Professor Hearnshaw regards the famous Agreement of the People which was presented to the Council of the Army on October 28th, 1647, as the starting point of modern democratic history. We should have thought that the demands of Aske and the other leaders of the Pilgrimage of Grace might have been adduced as an earlier example of a popular programme, even if the still remoter instance of Wat Tyler's rebellion can be set aside as too confused to be taken as a coherent expression of opinion. Be that as it may, the eighteenth century saw democracy, which had obtained from the first in New England, triumphant in the United States, and from America came the influence that inspired the French Revolution and spread the

new doctrine over Europe. We need not follow Professor Hearnshaw through his able exposition of the various stages by which the goal has been reached. Here democracy is; and whether we look upon it, with Professor Hearnshaw, as the only state ultimately tolerable, or acquiesce in it as a necessary evil, here it is likely to remain. Given an intelligent electorate, it is at least government in a logical shape, and its overthrow from above is no longer to be reckoned with as a political contingency. The danger is rather that by its inherent instability it may succeed in overthrowing itself, and so take us once more through what we now call Bolshevism into the arms of the saviour of society.

We wish that we could float on the full tide of the Professor's optimism. He decides, rightly enough, that the essence of representative democracy is the rule of the majority, and that the minority must be content with its share in shaping legislation, which becomes considerable in the give and take of Parliamentary debate, and with the hope of getting its innings later on. We are with him in his dislike of proportional representation and kindred devices, which will only create caves for cranks. Even so, it is clear that much injustice can be accomplished by way of taxation; and as democracies are always spending, sources of revenue, once imposed, have a way of continuing.

But what of minorities that decline to submit; that resist, whether calling themselves Marxite Socialists or Syndicalists, by means of strikes, local or universal, and even threaten, with that strange product of Oxford, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the Guild Socialist, to conscribe or destroy all non-unionists so as to carry on the war with capitalism? Professor Hearnshaw lays his finger on the reason why these pernicious doctrines have come into such extensive practice; the fatal surrender to the New Unionists' demand for special privilege accomplished by the Campbell-Bannerman Government under the Trades Disputes Act of 1906. It follows that that "iniquitous statute," as he justly terms it, should be repealed. When, however, the Professor boldly writes "must be," he really means "ought to be." He knows as well as we do that the Government, as heretofore, will meet strikes, created by Syndicalist shop-stewards, by sending down an emissary or appointing a committee, and in due course the men will pocket their blackmail.

The rule of the majority is in itself insecure, because the Parliamentary majorities in which it finds expression are no longer homogeneous. "The two-party system," says Professor Hearnshaw, "is essential for the effective organisation of representative democracy." Here again we agree, regarding party, notwithstanding its insincerity and occasional corruption as preferable to its alternative, government by group. Unfortunately the two-party system has ceased to be; it had its day under the middle-class system when the voters, however fiercely they might dispute about corn laws and church rates, thought pretty much alike about the rights of property and the freedom of the individual. But democracy, covering all classes, is inevitably disintegrating in its tendency. In spite of his "musts," does Professor Hearnshaw seriously contemplate the harnessing of Labour—to say nothing of the Irish—to the old historic parties, call them Conservative and Liberal, or whatever you please? Labour knows very well that by remaining independent it can squeeze the Government for the time being more effectively than if it merged its identity. The United States have got out of the difficulty by regimenting two mobs of politicians by means of their respective machines. But that is scarcely true democracy, and there are already signs that the see-saw, which served us so well in the past, may break down too with them.

We regret to differ from Professor Hearnshaw, and mainly for this reason, that he presupposes a higher level of citizenship than history has ever exemplified. Education may do much for the democracy, and no doubt the generation that comes to manhood under Mr. Fisher's Act will be better equipped for civil life than those that grew up under Forster's Act and its successors. But though nations can be of one mind in emergencies, as our own has been in spite of the flabby concessions of the Government to conscientious

objectors and working-class profiteers, in times of peace sectional interests are bound to prevail. There will be no Bolshevism: we may be sure of that. But there will be such a grinding down of the middle and professional classes by State taxes and local rates that their vitality will be reduced to demi-starvation point. What then? We cannot all be bricklayers.

BARNETT OF WHITECHAPEL.

Canon Barnett. By his Wife. Murray. 28s.

LIVES should seldom be written by wives, but this one was *pars maxima* of her husband's work—he would have said “*dux femina facti*”—and she writes with a certain shrewd semi-detachment, noting his weakness and limitations—e.g., his dull and unattractive preaching. Barnett himself doubted in 1892 whether his social schemes had made any impression on East End degradation. The substitution of lectures and readings, mixed with piano, from Brown- ing, Clough and Carlyle, for the worship of the Church had disappointing results. The rising sun of Labour “dispelled all wintry thoughts” and made him feel young, but the frequenters of the National Liberal Club were “an uninspired-looking crowd,” and at the Congregational and Liberal Committees he shrank into his shell. He was a fierce party politician, yet found politics hollow, a pro-Boer, yet distrusted Gladstone—whose blend of Highchurchmanship and Radicalism seemed hopelessly illogical—and condemned the agitation against the Lords. Barnett rejoiced in the defeat of the Church party at the School Board Elections, but Liberal opposition to the 1902 Bill was “not inspired by love of education so much as by hatred to denominations;” also in the Board Schools no care was taken to appoint high-minded and religious teachers. “Teachers are a set who need culture. On Thursday we had a party of thirty conceitedly ignorant, comfortably ugly, men and women, to whom is entrusted the power once held by students and priests. Some who spoke confessed to care only for the emancipation which comes from liberalism. Dear me! teachers do want to be sent on the quest of the Holy Grail; they are so cocky and so ignorant.”

Inartistic, unmusical, protestant and modernist, denying to the middle ages even credit for caring for the poor, Samuel Barnett was yet no Philistine. Coming from Whitechapel slums to Nubia he wrote home that it is “in the desert men have learnt of the deeper things of life; it will be a good thing when leaders, politicians, poets and painters are sent to school in the desert.” In a mediæval town one learns that “there are heights above the nineteenth century, with its trivial art and thought. School children should accumulate fewer facts and learn the secret of admiration instead. The Present has much to learn from the Past, the West from the East. Indeed the Egyptian fellah seemed to him happier, cleaner, more honest and peaceable, than the Londoner. As a fellow-traveller on the Nile the Barnetts found Herbert Spencer almost unendurable—supercilious and arrogant towards the “barbarian” native, vain, childish and prosy, “distinctly a little man, one to waken neither reverence nor respect . . . we felt pity for the lonely, unloved and unloving old man.”

These pages contain some shrewd thumb-nail sketches of statesmen. “Morley is a better parson than politician.” Lord Hartington was “an honest piece of wood, too honest even to be humble, too wooden to take in any new idea.” Lord Salisbury was an anesthetist. John Burns was shallow and conceited, wilful and irritating, but clear-sighted, forceful and upright. Chamberlain and Rhodes, alas, were anti-Christ, though, with uncertainly developed horn and hoof. Co-operators, comfortably off, took no interest in men, politics or ideas, and Toynbee Hall debaters saddened their founder by their glib ignorance and worship of word-idols. Some day, he hoped, there would be no Settlements. Balliol Hall was rowdy, and he felt deeply hurt that Oxford House should have been started to counterbalance the only negatively religious standpoint of Toynbee. That Barnett him-

self was a sincerely religious man, not a mere Sadducean latitudinarian, no one can doubt. He never yielded to the temptation of the social reformer to regard suffering as the one evil of existence. “Sin alone matters,” he reiterated. Slum-priests should “do” less and think and teach more. “In education manners are neglected to the public loss.” Against relief of the body at the expense of character, against Mansion House and newspaper funds, he waged a relentless and unpopular war, for which he was mobbed, stoned and had his windows broken by zealots for pauperism who cried, “It’s us as pays you.” Yet he fell foul of Charity Organization inquisitorialness and eventually “led a revolution against himself,” passing, his wife says, from the sternest tenets of repressive relief to advocacy of free breakfasts, gratuitous medical relief and universal pensions. In fact the erstwhile *laissez-faire* Liberal came to be a Socialist and a bit of a Feudalist. After all, the Industrial Movement, through which it came about that “the masses of the people live without knowledge, without hope, and often without health,” had been the fondling child of Liberalism, which substituted a nexus of cash-payment between supposed equals for the moral relationship of master and servant. On the subject of the Throne he wrote in 1887: “Gradually our carping, criticizing radicalism has faded; we feel that the past is more than the present and that ‘God save the Queen’ is as true as it is beautiful.” A need of our time, he observed, is a basis of authority. A pleasing incident in Barnett’s tenure of his Bristol canonry was his “indignant” fight against the vandals who had been busy for years quarrying the lovely banks of Avon. “What treasures of air, water and beauty God has given Bristolians, and they have made fever-dens, swamps and hideousness!” At Westminster he thrilled to the romance and history of the Abbey Church, yet the old Utilitarian Liberal felt irked by some ancient forms such as the royal Maundy, with its relics of a *lavipedium*, and he “often argued that the Coronation should be in Westminster Hall—a State ceremony, not a religious service.” By all means restore the Westminster Hall part, abolished in the Benthamite Reform era. But the mystic Sacring!

Clemenceau remarked in 1894: “I have met but three really great men in England, and one was a little pale clergyman in Whitechapel.” Barnett disliked the Frenchman’s materialism, but approved his dictum about relief of poverty—“if there are gifts, they should be graceful.” Was it not graceful when kings washed the feet of beggars?

A GOOD SELECTION.

The English Poets. Edited by T. Humphry Ward. Volume V. Browning to Rupert Brooke. Macmillan. 10. 6d. net.

EVERY book-lover will welcome the appearance of a new part of this admirable series of selections from the English Poets. The present volume takes us from Browning to Rupert Brooke. It includes, in the words of the Preface, “those writers who have died during the period that has elapsed since Volume IV. was published in its original form—a period of nearly forty years.” Three great writers—Browning, Matthew Arnold and Tennyson—who were added, first of all, as an Appendix to Volume IV. in the edition of 1894, and afterwards incorporated in that volume, have now been transferred to this; so that the book, as it stands, gives us (with the exception of D. G. Rossetti and a few others), an almost complete portrait-gallery of the poets of the Victorian, Edwardian and Georgian eras—of those, that is to say, who are no longer with us. It has thus a certain definitive character; it closes a chapter in the history of our literature. We cannot expect another volume for many years, possibly, for a whole generation. Consequently, as we read, we find ourselves looking both before and after. Instinctively, as we close the volume, we indulge in wistful speculations as to what the next will contain.

We have spoken of the book as a “portrait-gallery.” In judging it, we should remember that this is just

what it sets out to be. It is not an Anthology, in the sense of aiming at including only the very best, irrespective of persons and historical continuity. Its basis is avowedly personal and historical. Within certain obvious limits, it is intended to be exhaustive. The endeavour is to array before the reader, so far as possible in chronological order, all the writers of verse who attained a certain eminence during a certain period of years. If, therefore, side by side with a few writers of established fame and enduring interest, we find not a few included, who, in the year 1919, seem to us to have something of the character of "dug-outs," the editor is not to be blamed for this. Nearly all the writers in question were famous in their day. A few even eclipsed, in brief contemporary repute, others who are now seen to have been far greater; "Milnes," said Landor in 1838, "is the greatest poet now living in England." It was not the business of the Editor to start from present-day valuations, merely, as to the merits of some of these half-forgotten poets. His business was to take the men as he found them—in their place and in their time; and we think that few will cavil at the way in which Mr. Humphry Ward has acquitted himself of this part of his task. We ourselves will only venture one remark, namely, that Wilde was a poet of higher calibre than several who are included in this book, and that the omission of his name is, perhaps, a little unfortunate; also that, in point of quality simply, it is not quite certain that, in the judgment of posterity, Rupert Brooke (the only one included) will rank highest among the soldier-poets who have died in the war.

As to the way in which these various writers are presented to us, few will deny that the method here adopted is the best. It would have been impossible for any one man to have acted adequately as impresario for all the fifty-one poets, serious and humorous, whom the volume contains. Even had it been possible, it is quite certain that much of that freshness and variety of presentation would have been lost, which has here been secured by the simple expedient of division of labour. The poets, in this volume, have been distributed among a number of critics, none of whom has been given too much to do. The Editor himself tops the list with thirteen writers; Mr. John Drinkwater is responsible for six; Mr. Edmund Gosse for two. None of the rest has more than one on his hands, with the exception of Mr. C. L. Graves, who has been placed in command of the short section devoted to humorous verse. When, furthermore, we mention that these one-man critics include such names as those of Margaret L. Woods, Jebb, Thomas Hardy, Canon Beeching, J. W. Mackail, Sidney Colvin and Laurence Binyon, it will be seen that Mr. Ward has been able to secure the services of the leading critical talent of our time; and to this much of the importance of the present volume is due. The Introductory Notices are, in nearly every instance, admirable. One or two perhaps, are a little dry and pedestrian; but, on the whole, the expository portions of the book are of nearly equal interest (in some cases, of undoubtedly superior interest) to the parts devoted to poetical extracts. If we were to single out two critics whose work seems to us to be of the highest quality, we should mention, first of all, Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose Introductions to Coventry Patmore and Swinburne have all the easy sovereignty over his subject and the ripe fulness of one in complete and assured possession of the paraphernalia of the critic's art; and, secondly, Mr. John Drinkwater, who will certainly add much to a growing reputation by the work which he has done for this book. Selected as godfather to half a dozen poets of the second and third magnitudes, Mr. Drinkwater has given us work of the highest class—always pregnant, always illuminative, penetrating in thought and felicitous in expression, and ranging easily between large generalisation and particular application. Moreover, he is not afraid to say what he thinks. He holds no brief for his authors. Like Goethe, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, he strikes his finger on the place, and is particularly good at saying, "thou ailest here, and here." Thus, dealing as they do with poets of some virtues and many faults, his criticisms have a

pleasantly astringent quality, which one misses a little, for example, in Sir Sidney Colvin's Introduction to Stephen Phillips.

The only point in which the subdivision of labour seems a source of weakness rather than strength, is in the relative space allotted to the various writers under review. Why, for instance, should Coventry Patmore be allowed seventeen pages of selections and Frances Thompson only eight? Surely, too many of the former's Pindarics are included. Again, is not the allowance of twenty-three pages to Stevenson and thirty to William Morris a little excessive?

We should be tempted to extend the same kind of criticism to certain inclusions and omissions, in the case of the poems and passages selected as illustrative of particular writers, were it not that such choice is after all, and must always be, largely a matter of personal taste, about which it is proverbially useless to quarrel. But at the same time we do seem to detect particularly where the greater poets are concerned, a certain hesitation between two principles of selection: it is not quite clear occasionally whether the chosen passages are meant to embody the best of the writer's work or merely to illustrate his various styles.

But here again we have to remember that the book is not an anthology. Missing favourites we can find elsewhere, if we want to. What is important, in compendium of this kind, is that it should be representative, and that the collection should not (figuratively speaking) be thrown at our heads, but should be presented with all the ceremony of thoughtful arrangement, careful editing, and wise and explanatory criticism. All these conditions, Volume V. of *The English Poets* admirably fulfils. And it fulfils another of almost equal importance to the fastidious reader. We have seldom handled a book which looked and felt more woefully. In size, bulk and shape, it is exactly right. The verse is printed in precisely the type in which verse ought to be printed; the prose Introductions hit off, with the utmost nicety, the appearance which prose Introductions were intended by Nature to wear; while no less than 625 pages are packed into a single volume which, by some miracle, avoids equaling the Scylla of portliness and the Charybdis of congestion.

THE NAVY AND THE WAR.

The Navy in Battle. By A. H. Pollen. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net.

ON September 7th we published a review of Mr. Bennet Copplestone's stirring book, 'The Secret of the Navy.' We address ourselves to-day to the consideration of another volume descriptive of the senior service, and that by the highly competent hand of Mr. A. H. Pollen. The contrast between the two writers is marked. Mr. Copplestone is an idealist, occupied mainly with things of the spirit; Mr. Pollen a critic, dealing with doctrine, not to say dogma. When they are describing a battle, the first of the



THE FAMOUS "ALL-IN" POLICY FOR HOUSEHOLDERS

covers practically every serious risk to which they are liable in respect to their homes for an inclusive premium of

5/- per £100 per annum.

(Minimum Premium 7/6)

"ALL-IN"
POLICY DEPT.,
62, Threadneedle St.,
London, E.C.2.

EAGLE STAR &
BRITISH DOMINIONS
INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

Head Office: British Dominions House, London, E.C.3.

ASSETS EXCEED £13,000,000

es a little
uction to
of labour
length, in
s written
Coventry
tions and
many of
is not the
nson and
e kind of
s, in the
illustrative
choice is
matter of
useless to
to detect
ncerned, in
selection
he chose
ie writer
es.
the book
can find
tant, in
be repre
not (figu
but shoul
thoughtful
xplanator
7. of the
ils another
us reader
ed and fe
is exact
he type
e Introdu
appearanc
Nature
ked into
ids equal
is of co
Chatto and
ew of M
ook, "The
s to-day
otive of the
petent has
en the to
an idealis
Mr. Pollen
logma. The
st of the
S
OLICY
DERS
y are liable
mium of
AR &
MINION
URY LTD
on, E.C.3
000

tells us what it feels like to be "spotting" or working a gun; while the second is concerned with relative speeds, the precise moment at which a turn was made, and the range at which the fleet got into action after deployment. There is plenty of room for both methods; only we feel bound to say that in the present state of knowledge Mr. Copplestone's seems the safer of the two. An eloquent pen can always fire us with enthusiasm for the tradition and valour of the navy; but an analyst is apt to over-emphasise his conclusions when he is reasoning from despatches composed quite as much for enemy as domestic consumption, and therefore carefully coloured. He has to guess, and his guesses by a familiar mental process get transformed into certainties.

'The Navy in Battle' concludes with Sir Roger Keyes's glorious expedition against Zeebrugge and Ostend, and Mr. Pollen, when he wrote his last chapter, prophesied that those two names would figure in naval history; "not only as the names of achievements unique and splendid in themselves, but more famous as the harbingers of still greater things to come." The stroke was to him a sign of the emancipation of the navy which had preceded apace in the previous year. Well, the attack on Zeebrugge and Ostend took place so long ago as April 22-23, yet the war dragged on to its conclusion without any conspicuous event on the seas, and now the German flag has been hauled down and the German battleships lie in British harbours. In other words, the supposed change of policy, which Mr. Pollen seems to have based on a single instance, did not occur. Sir Eric Geddes has the good sense to trust to his professional advisers, and the navy continued its silent work of convoying commerce and the American expeditionary force and keeping the German fleet sealed up in its bases. When at last the German High Command decided that the fleet should come out, it preferred, as the First Lord has told us, to mutiny, and the game was up. Was the Admiralty wrong when it played for safety; was Lord Jellicoe wrong when he slackened his pursuit of Scheer rather than expose his battleships in the darkness to mines and torpedo-attacks? The prudent citizen will be disposed to reply that, considering the tremendous interests at stake, the "purely defensive rôle," which Mr. Pollen assigns to the navy, was not such a bad one after all. It ensured the military offensive in many parts of the globe, and it kept us from starvation and invasion. The navy, in short, won the war, and though theorists of the Cochrane school may argue that the war might have been won otherwise and sooner, yet speculation remains speculation, and fact remains fact.

Readers may not be altogether in sympathy, therefore, with Mr. Pollen as to his general complaint of the Admiralty's lack of initiative. But his accusation of unpreparedness in various essentials cannot be easily refuted. The range of the modern submarine and the destructiveness of the torpedo were not foreseen. Sir Percy Scott descried the danger, but his warnings were neglected; naval opinion pointed rather at the peril of commerce-destroyers of the Emden type. Thus it was that, when hostilities began, the navy had not a single torpedo-proof harbour on the east coast; and, as Mr. Pollen points out, if the Germans had violated the laws of warfare on the sea as they did on land by the invasion of Belgium, they might have inflicted appalling disaster on our capital ships. Again the Admiralty seem to have been slow to set up that Channel barrage about which Sir Roger Keyes has recently been making some interesting revelations, and


it was even more dilatory in the matter of convoy. The official excuses were, it will be remembered, first, that convoy was unnecessary, next, that the shipping companies did not want it, and finally, that it could not be established. However, it was set up at last, and within six months the rate at which our ships were being sunk was practically halved. We agree with Mr. Pollen that the staff work proved disappointing, in spite of Mr. Churchill's boast of what the combination of strategic and scientific brains would accomplish, because the staff was not put into close touch with the departments. We differ entirely from him when he girds at the Government for not having enforced the blockade from the outset. There are Dr. Page's notes and the records of our Foreign Office to show that, so long as the United States stood out, such a policy was impracticable. A thorough blockade might have thrown Holland and the Scandinavian Powers into the scale against us and might have produced such a straining of relations as effectively to prevent the advent of America as an ally.

Every cricketer knows that it is one thing to bat at the nets, and quite another to bat in a match. Our gunnery, which looked so unerring in practice, scored an unexpected percentage of misses when it came to the real business. But compared with the wild firing of the Germans in the later stages of every engagement it was accuracy itself. And a survey of the whole war places the German Admirals among the amateurs, rather than the real professionals. The escape of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* was a smart piece of work, and so was von Hipper's adventurous action off Doggerbank. But von Spee might have taken the Falkland Islands; he might have crippled our operations in German West Africa; he might have mauled Admiral Sturdee while coming out of harbour. As things were, he kept his fleet together to be obliterated without anything to show for it beyond the destruction of Admiral Cradock, who went or was sent to his doom. The history of the Jutland battle has yet to be written, but even if we allow that Scheer was a brave man to have left his defences at all, Admiral Beattie proved the sounder and more dashing tactician in the stress of the action, and if cleverness took the Germans home to port, luck too favoured them not a little. The childish Admiralty announcement was a libel on our officers and men.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

'The War and Elizabeth,' by Mrs. Humphry Ward (Collins, 6s. net). From any point of view worth considering this is one of the finest novels of the season. It is well written and constructed, as of course would be taken for granted, the ending is inevitable, and the principal character, Elizabeth, is carefully drawn. She comes as classical secretary into the family of one of those cultured aristocrats who appear every now and then in our author's books. This time he is not an atheist or a loose liver, but simply an amateur of Greek vases, who hates the war for its senseless interruption of his pursuits and resolves to punish it by ignoring it. Elizabeth, who is a capable woman as well as a first-rate classic, takes matters in hand, wins the respect and confidence of a hesitating family, and supports her employer when his little world falls to pieces. She is the embodiment of the army of women who have been working at home while their men-folk have been fighting abroad.

'L. 2002,' by Edgar Jepson (Hutchinson, 6s. 9d. net). As usual, Mr. Jepson gives us a good story told in an amusing way. A few of us get tired sometimes, it is true, of his mannerisms and wish that he would purge his style of them, but perhaps if he did, his books would not be so amusing, and that would be a pity for all of us. This time his hero is the nephew and heir of a wicked baronet, who earns his living by driving a taxi-cab, and achieves many strange adventures as a squire of dames. It is a book to buy.



The Glass you cannot break; Use it for all purposes:—
Goggles, Windscreens, Windows, Showcases, etc., etc.

Catalog free from: THE 'TRIPLEX' SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD.
(Reginald Dalpech, Managing Director)

1 ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. 1

'TRIPLEX'

UNSPLINTERABLE

SAFETY GLASS

Macmillan's New Books.

SECOND IMPRESSION LITERARY RECREATIONS.

By Sir EDWARD GÓOKE. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Punch.—"A volume filled with the pleasant reflections of a bookman in his moments of leisure—library talk, one might call it, and that of the most agreeable."

HAROLD TENNYSON, R.N.

The story of a young Sailor, put together by a Friend. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

The Times.—"Many such books as this are of little interest to others than the friends of those whom they commemorate. This book will appeal to a wider circle; partly because it forms, in its modest way, a valuable document on the Navy's doings in the war; chiefly because the compiler and the selected letters present very clearly a peculiarly engaging character."

CHARLES BOOTH.

Author of "Life and Labour of the People of London."

A memoir. With photogravure portraits. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

The Morning Post.—"This brief biography of the greatest of modern economists is well worth studying at the present moment, when the whole of our industrial system is in the Melting-Pot."

DEMOCRACY AT THE CROSSWAYS:

A Study in Politics and History with Special Reference to Great Britain.

By F. J. C. HEARNshaw, M.A., LL.D. 8vo, 15s. net.

The Morning Post.—"Readable and reliable in its facts from cover to cover, and we know of no other book which sets the problems of modern politics in so just a perspective of history's object-lessons and is at the same time so practical in its treatment of the political and economic issues of to-day."

NATIONALISM AND CATHOLICISM.

By LORD HUGH CECIL. 8vo. Sewed. 1s. net.

EDITH WHARTON'S NEW STORY.

THE MARNE: A Tale of the War.

By EDITH WHARTON. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

The Guardian.—"Mrs. Wharton at her best; and those who have read 'The House of Mirth,' 'Summer,' and certain others of her stories know how brilliant, how tender, and how understanding that best can be. . . 'The Marne' is a worthy tribute from a great writer to a great country."

W. & A. K. JOHNSTON'S NEW COMPARATIVE SEAT ON THE CHART.

Their Politics, Division and Majority at the General Election, Dec. 14th, 1918. 1s. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd., London, W.C. 2.

The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS: JANUARY, 1919.

Currente Calamo. I. By Sir Sidney Low.
The World in Flux. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.
The First and Second Battles of the Marne. With Maps. By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B.
Islam and the Future of Constantinople. By Sir Valentine Chirol.
How Napoleon Fell. II. By Politicus.
Equal Pay for Equal Work. By Gertrude M. Tuckwell.
The Germans in South-West Africa. By Lewis Melville.
The Russian Ballets. By Arthur Symons.
Old and New at the Foreign Office. By T. H. S. Escott.
Air Transport. By F. Handley Page.
Edmond Rostand. By G. Jean-Aubry.
A Friendship. By V. H. F.
The Graves Commission. By A Soldier's Mother.
An Imaginary Conversation. By George Moore.
Tuez! Tuez! By Stacy Aumonier.
Correspondence: "Kerensky and Korniloff." By E. H. Wilcox.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.



And now for Reconstruction!

But first Reconstruct Your Nervous System

One of the most distinguished of living scientists—formerly Assistant Professor of Physiology at Oxford University—was advised by his physician to take Sanatogen after an attack of Influenza.

He did so, and afterwards wrote as follows in the *Lancet*: "It is evident that Sanatogen acts as a strong stimulus so far as the recuperative powers of the blood are concerned, and that a building-up process goes on in the nerves."

His further observations are thus summarised in a resumé of the *Lancet* articles: "Microscopic examination demonstrates the increased vitality in the nervous system—especially in the cells of the brain and spinal cord—after feeding with Sanatogen."

Begin at once to reconstruct your health by the prolonged use of Sanatogen. Buy a tin at your chemist's to-day (from 2/3 to 10/9), but be sure you get real Sanatogen, which alone can produce these definite and assured results—results which will amply repay you for the twopence-halfpenny per dose that Sanatogen costs you.

SANATOGEN

GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.)
12, Chancery St., London, W.C.1 (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)

Note: Sanatogen will later on be re-named Genatosan—genuine Sanatogen—to distinguish it from inferior substitutes.

The
prac

N
LI

A
A
T
PER
PRO
WRIT

A N

THE
TRA
F

WH
(1) Old
(2) 2
(3) 6
(4) 80

Patro
Chairman
LONDON
OFFICES:
JOINT
SECRETARY

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco



The blend is perfectly adjusted—there is practically no waste . . .

"King's Head" is similar but stronger
Both are sold everywhere at 11½d per oz

Cigarettes

(Medium)

5½d for 10:11d for 20

Boxes of 50 2/2½—100 4/3

616

NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY

COMBINATION OF

AGE, MAGNITUDE, RESERVE BASIS
AND PROFIT-EARNING CAPACITY

THE STRONGEST IN THE WORLD

PERUSAL OF RECENTLY PUBLISHED WAR TIME
PROSPECTUS MAKES THAT FACT VERY CLEAR

WRITE OR TELEPHONE TO HEAD OFFICE, NORWICH,
OR TO ANY BRANCH OR AGENCY.

A NEW YEAR OFFERING FOR PEACE

WILL YOU SEND A GIFT TO

**THE NATIONAL REFUGES AND
TRAINING SHIP "ARETHUSA"**
FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

WHAT THE SOCIETY HAS DONE AND IS DOING:—

- (1) Old boys are serving in 120 British & Colonial Regiments.
- (2) **2,600** have entered the Royal Navy.
- (3) **6,500** have entered the Merchant Service.
- (4) **900** Boys and 300 Girls now being maintained.

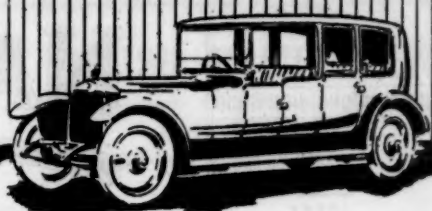
Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.

Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee: HOWSON, F. DEVITT, Esq.

LONDON OFFICES: } 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. 2.

JOINT } H. BRISTOW WALLEN,
SECRETARIES: } HENRY G. COPELAND.



The Lanchester Post-War "Forty."

THE embodiment of all that is best
in modern automobile engineering
practice. It will be fashioned
from the very best materials
obtainable and efficiency will be ex-
pressed in its every feature. It will be a
Car reflecting the experience of more
than twenty years of motor manufactur-
ing and well worth your while to consider.

An enquiry now will ensure you particulars at
the earliest possible moment. Will you send it?

LANCHESTER

95, New Bond St.,

London.

S. J. PHILLIPS,

113, New Bond Street.

OLD ENGLISH
AND
CONTINENTAL
SILVER.

Specialists in
Second-hand Pearls and Jewels.
Bought, sold or valued.

Telephone: MAYFAIR 6261 and 6262.

Telegraph: EUCLASE, WESDO, LONDON

NAPIER

THE
PROVED
BEST.

BRITISH
BUILT.

NOW that peace is in sight, all the energies of the famous Napier Works will be centred on collating the valuable experience gained during the war period, especially in the manufacture of the NAPIER AERO ENGINE.

The results will be embodied in the post-war

NAPIER SIX-CYLINDER MOTOR CARRIAGE

This has always been known as the PROVED BEST CAR, but the future model will be unique in the embodiment of Refinement, Power, Silence and Reliability. surpassing any previous model produced.

Please send for early particulars.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.,

Works :
ACTON,
LONDON, W. 3.

14, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
LONDON,
W. 1.

MOTORS

Safeguard your Health with

**Dr. J. Collis Browne's
Chlorodyne**

THE BEST REMEDY
KNOWN FOR

**COUGHS,
COLDS,**

Asthma, Bronchitis.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.
Acts like a charm in
DIARRHOEA, COLIC,
and other bowel
complaints.

Always ask for a
"DR. COLLIS BROWNE."

Of all Chemists 1/3 3/-

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

A PEACE RISK

Who is carrying your death Risk

Is it your Family,

OR

a Life Assurance Office?

WHY NOT LET THE PRUDENTIAL CARRY IT

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOURNEMOUTH.—REBBECK BROS., whose offices have been established for 70 years, are agents for the letting (and sale) of the principal available houses and supply lists free. Early application is advisable. Offices: Gervis Place, Bournemouth.

KENYON HALL COLLEGE.—High-Class Boarding School for Boys. 20 acres. Fees from 60 guineas per annum upwards. Classical, Commercial and Scientific Education. Proprietor and Principal, Dr. JOHN MASTIN, D.Sc., Litt.D., Kenyon, Manchester.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE

Founded 1867. Incorporated 1911.

EXCELLENT modern buildings with Carpentry and Engineering Workshop. Army Class. O.T.C. Fees moderate and inclusive. Scholarships in March.—Apply to the Headmaster.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Debrett's Peerage, 3 vols., new 1916, 9/-; Andrews' Adolescent Education, 2/-, published 5/-; George Baxter, The Picture Printer, on the 19th Century, 1911, scarce, £2.2; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 1905, £2.2; Stephen Phillips, The New Inferno, with designs by Vernon Hill, large paper copy, 21/-; Whistler and others, by F. Wedmore, 1906, 6/-; William Morris's Collected Works, 24 vols., £12.12; Gotch's English Homes, 30/-; Omar Khayyam, large paper copy, Villon Society, 1898, £4.4; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21/-; Frank Harris, Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde, 2 vols., £5.5. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER and send it to THE CHURCH ARMY, and so help to meet a NATIONAL NEED, and at the same time contribute towards giving COMFORT AND CHEER at home and abroad to the brave lads who have been fighting our battles by sea, land and air. Sacks gladly sent for storage and transmission. Collection of parcels within six miles of Charing Cross.—Communications to SECRETARY, Waste Paper Department, CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W. 1.

THE POLISH RELIEF FUND

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916.)

Founder: I. J. PADEREWSKI.

Executive Committee:

Chairman: MAJOR-GENERAL LORD TREOWEN, C.B., C.M.G.
COUNT SOBANSKI. | SIR HERBERT MORCAN, K.B.E.
FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J. | ALGERNON MAUDESLAY, ESQ., C.B.E.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.I.E. K.C.S.I.
LORD STUART OF WORTLEY, Hon. Treasurer.
MISS LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA, C.B.E., Hon. Secretary.

POLAND

is rising now

A LAZARUS AMONG THE NATIONS

LET US ALL HELP

to

**FEED CLOTHE AND CHERISH
POLAND'S CHILDREN**

and assist in the

Repatriation of Her Exiles

DONATIONS, however small, will be gratefully received by the Hon. Secretary, Miss LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA, C.B.E. 24A, REGENT ST. LONDON, S.W. 1.

OSRAM LAMPS



A
**SHINING
EXAMPLE**
of NATIONAL and
INDIVIDUAL ECONOMY

Obtainable from All Electricians,
Ironmongers, and Stores.

Wholesale Only

The General Electric Co. LTD.
Queen Victoria Street, London.



OSRAM LAMPS

THE CITY

Evidently the total National expenditure for the fiscal year to the end of March will be less than the estimates. The expenditure for the last nine months has been £2,049,993,606, which is at the rate of £52,564,000 a week, while the Treasury estimate for the entire year was £2,973,746,000, or an average of £57,380,000, weekly, and it may be hoped that there will be some reduction in out-go during the current quarter, altogether the average expenditure of the concluding ten days of December exceeded £6,000,000 a day. On the other hand, there is ground for belief that the year's revenue will reach, if not exceed, the estimate. In the last nine months £509,165,805 has been gathered in, and the estimate for the year was £842,050,000. Thus there is still a large balance to be made up, but the current quarter will bring heavy income tax receipts, and it is likely that Mr. Bonar Law's expectations will be fulfilled.

There seems to be no doubt that the criticism of the twopenny cheque tax, that it would cause an unnecessary expansion in the issue of currency notes, has been justified. The fact that the currency note issue has shown an exceptional rate of increase in the last three months cannot be eluded; but the only absolute test of the question whether the cheque tax is responsible would be statistical details of the number of cheques passing through the clearing houses for the last eighteen months. Such figures are not available, but the subject is alluded to in the annual report of the London Bankers' Clearing House. It is there stated that the increased tax has caused little or no reduction in the number of cheques passing, although there has been a diminution in the number of small cheques since September 1st, when the stamp duty of 2d. instead of 1d. came into force. Seeing, however, that the total value of the cheque clearings for last year shows an increase of £2,076,000,000, as compared with 1917, one would have expected an increase in the number of cheques passing in the last quarter. If there has been no increase it is a safe assumption that the more active use of currency notes is due to the avoidance of the use of cheques, and the case against the tax is proved. We believe that the tax will be reduced to 1d. as soon as possible, and we hope that the penny post will be resumed at the same time.

The customary annual reviews of commercial and financial conditions do not essay to explore the future with any display of confidence. A disposition to wait and see how matters will straighten out politically and industrially seems to be general among investors, while business houses have their hands full in grappling with the immediate problem of the transition from war to peace. The policy of consolidation of forces, financial and industrial, is steadily pursued. Shareholders of Dick, Kerr & Co. have received a share-for-share offer from the English Electric Co., a new concern with a capital of £5,000,000, which already owns the Coventry Ordnance Works and the Phoenix Dynamo Manufacturing Co. If all the Dick-Kerr shareholders accept the offer the issued capital of the new concern will be £2,000,000. In any event, it will be the third largest electrical manufacturing business in the country, and there is no question that this class of business requires concentration of resources in order to finance the equipment of the large electrical enterprises that will be undertaken during the next decade in the electrification of railways and erection of power stations.

An appreciation of the extraordinary complexity of the problems of the future probably accounts for the lack of response shown by the Stock Exchange to the result of the General Election. The composition of the new House, however, has given satisfaction in financial circles to this extent at least—capital and industry for a time are assured immunity from freak legislation of a confiscatory character which might do irreparable harm at a critical time in the commercial history of the country.

HELP THE NATION'S URGENT
NEED BY DISPOSING
OF YOUR

WASTE
PAPER

Because the War is over you must
not think that the paper position is
any better: it is worse if anything.



YOU

can help to relieve the situation by
disposing of your WASTE PAPER.
Make an effort to help, and make money
at the same time. THE PHENOMENAL
PRICE TO BE OBTAINED IS WELL
WORTH YOUR WHILE. What is
the good of keeping useless and obsolete
papers, ledgers, catalogues, files, &c. Let
the Paper Mills have all you've got, they
will turn it into the good paper that is so
vitaly needed by you and everyone
else for every day use and for the great
scheme of

RECONSTRUCTION

YOU ARE NOT DOING YOUR
DUTY unless you help. Don't delay—do
it now. We will gladly send sacks for any
quantity, and collect them when ready.
Distance no object. Write or 'phone to-day.

YATES & CO.
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR

DIAMOND STREET,
PECKHAM, S.E. 15.

Telephone: 245 Hop.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.

THE ANNUAL MEETING was held at the Registered Offices of the Company, at Acton, London, W.

The chair was occupied in the absence of Mr. M. S. Napier, by his joint managing director, Mr. H. T. Vane, C.B.E., who was supported by Mr. W. H. White, F.S.A.A., Henry Cooke, Esq., and Sir Lindsley Byron Peters, K.B.E.

Mr. Vane, on rising, said:—Our meeting to-day is rather of a formal character, as owing to the amount of extra clerical work entailed in connection with the accounts, and the difficulty of settling accounts and outstanding questions with the Government, it has been impossible to have them ready for our meeting, which is therefore held principally for the purpose of complying with the requirements of the Companies Act.

You will, however, be pleased to learn that our turnover for the financial year ending September 30th, 1918, is again a record one. Pending the compilation of the accounts, your directors are satisfied that they can recommend in the meantime a dividend of 10 per cent., less income tax, being paid to the ordinary shareholders in respect to the year under review, and I shall presently ask you to pass a resolution declaring the dividend accordingly.

During the war period, your company has been engaged practically exclusively in the production of war material for the British and Allied Governments, and have gained some unique and valuable experience in connection with the design and manufacture of aero engines which will be of great importance in the future developments of your company.

In the course of the past four years we have erected buildings giving us additional workshops, etc., to the extent of 100,000 square feet; further, we have installed considerable new and up-to-date plant and machinery without calling for any additional share capital, and having regard to the increase in costs of material and labour, compared with the pre-war period, you will appreciate that it is important that the company's financial position should be so arranged as to enable us to cope with the higher expenditure which will be necessary in order to carry the material required for stock and work in progress, and to maintain and develop our future trade in aero engines and motor vehicles.

It is therefore proposed to ask you to-day to sanction an increase in the ordinary share capital of the company by £200,000.

When the necessary Treasury sanction has been obtained, your directors will consider how much of this additional capital, and upon what terms and conditions, it shall be issued, and you may rely upon your interests being carefully borne in mind when doing so.

We have gone through a very strenuous four years of war work, and are now busily engaged making our arrangements to turn over from war to peace trade.

As to the future, whilst there will be problems to solve affecting labour, a great deal depends upon how our Government decides to protect the aircraft and motor car industries during the next few years. Both are acknowledged as having been of invaluable assistance to the Government in time of war, and it could therefore seem logical to take a hopeful view as to the Government devising some adequate means to encourage and foster aero engine and aircraft manufacture, and particularly to concern motor car manufacturers who have practically, for ourselves, sacrificed their motor car trade during war time in order to help place our Air Service in the foremost position it holds to-day. This, surely, will not be forgotten or overlooked, and if dealt with promptly and in the right spirit, there should be a bright future for your company, as the Napier aero engine is known in the Air Services as the "Lion", has already given an excellent account of itself in the hands of the Government; and our reputation for the six-cylinder motor carriage is well maintained as "The Proved Best Car."

The Chairman then proposed the resolution in respect of the dividend, viz.: "That a dividend of 10 per cent., less income tax, be paid to the ordinary shareholders standing on the register on the 31st day of December, 1918, in respect of the year ending 30th September, 1918"—which was duly carried.

The Chairman then rose to pass the following resolution, viz.:—That the capital of the company be increased to £850,000 by the creation of 200,000 additional ordinary shares of £1 each, ranking for dividend and in all other respects *pari passu* with the existing ordinary shares of the company"—which was passed with unanimity.

Mr. H. T. Vane then rose and proposed to re-elect Sir Lindsley Byron Peters. This was seconded by Mr. W. H. White, and carried unanimously.

Mr. J. W. Carr proposed the re-election of Messrs. Deloitte, Trenchard, Griffiths & Co., as auditors of the company. This was seconded by Mr. Kent, and carried.

The Chairman then proposed a resolution to adjourn the meeting until after the accounts for the past year are ready for presentation; due notice of the date fixed for the adjourned meeting to be given. This was seconded by Sir Lindsley Byron Peters and duly carried.

SPRINGS MINES, LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

DIVIDEND No. 2.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of 12½ per cent. (2s. 6d. per share) has been declared, payable to shareholders registered at the close of business on the 31st December, 1918, and to holders of Coupon No. 2 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The TRANSFER BOOKS of the Company will be closed from the 1st to the 7th January, 1919, both days inclusive.

DIVIDEND WARRANTS will be dispatched as soon as possible after the final London Transfer Returns have been received and verified at the Head Office in Johannesburg.

Coupon No. 2 attached to Share Warrants will be payable at the Head Office and London Office of the Company on and after the 5th February, 1919. Further intimation will be given by advertisement as to when coupons may be presented.

By Order,

J. H. JEFFERYS,

Secretary to the London Committee.

London Transfer Office:—

5, London Wall Buildings,
Finsbury Circus, London, E.C. 2.
30th December, 1918.

BRAKPAN MINES, LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

DIVIDEND No. 14.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of 12½ per cent. (2s. 6d. per share) has been declared, payable to shareholders registered at the close of business on the 31st December, 1918, and to holders of Coupon No. 14 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The TRANSFER BOOKS of the Company will be closed from the 1st to the 7th January, 1919, both days inclusive.

DIVIDEND WARRANTS will be dispatched as soon as possible after the final London Transfer Returns have been received and verified at the Head Office in Johannesburg.

Coupon No. 14 attached to Share Warrants will be payable at the Head Office, London Office, and Crédit Mobilier Français, Paris, on and after the 5th February, 1919. Further intimation will be given by advertisement as to when coupons may be presented.

Coupons and Dividend Warrants paid by the London Office to shareholders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction of English Income Tax.

Coupons and Dividend Warrants paid by the London Office to shareholders resident in France and Coupons paid by the Crédit Mobilier Français, Paris, will be subject to a deduction on account of French Income Tax and French Transfer Duty.

By Order,

J. H. JEFFERYS,

Secretary to the London Committee.

London Transfer Office:—

5, London Wall Buildings,
Finsbury Circus, London, E.C. 2.
30th December, 1918.

THE
BADMINTON
MAGAZINE

of Sport and Pastimes

Price 1/-

Send for a copy—1/3 post
free, or 12/- per annum
post free; 13/- to Canada
and 16/- to elsewhere Abroad.

9 King St., Covent Garden, W.C.2

WANTED AT ONCE, for educational purposes in RECREATION CENTRES for the Troops in France and Germany, BOOKS, including travel, biography, Latin (such as Cæsar, Virgil, &c.), mathematics and science (recent if possible); also standard fiction, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, &c. Please send to Captain Christopher Carlile, Royal Scots, c/o Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W. 1.

BATAVIA AND GENERAL PLANTATIONS TRUST (LIMITED)

THE TREASURY COMMITTEE ON NEW CAPITAL ISSUES.

THE FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Batavia and General Plantations Trust (Limited) was held on December 30th, 1918, at the registered offices, 23, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, Mr. G. St. Lawrence Mowbray, the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen, owing to a variety of circumstances, the meeting of our company is taking place at a somewhat later date than was originally intended. We had purposed to end the financial year on April 30th, and to present the accounts as early as we had anticipated, and we considered it better to endeavour to bring the statement presented to you up to date, as far as possible, by making up our balance-sheet to September 30th, instead of April 30th. We had two courses open to us. In the first place, we could have held the meeting, to comply with the Companies Act, before the close of the year and adjourn it to a later period, to enable our report and accounts to be got out. The other course was to call you together at a date which I daresay many of you find rather inconvenient so soon after Christmas; but we considered it was better to endeavour, even at some slight inconvenience, to present to you a proper balance-sheet and a proper statement of the company's affairs without deferring it any longer. (Hear, hear.) Our hopes and anticipations that the first gathering of the shareholders of this amalgamated undertaking would be held in peace conditions have been realized. We are at any rate within sight of peace, if we have to wait some considerable time for the actual completion of what we hope will be a lasting and binding peace treaty. Among the shareholders of our company there are a very great number who have been serving their King and country in the field and afloat. Some of them have done so in the humblest capacity, and others have held high rank.

THE WORST YEAR OF THE RUBBER-PLANTING INDUSTRY.

The business before the meeting to-day is to approve or disapprove of the things which the directors have done during the period which has elapsed since the inauguration of the trust. A very full record is set out in the lengthy report submitted to you to-day. I do not propose to dwell in more than the briefest terms upon matters so fully dealt with, particularly the results of the various companies and undertakings in which we are concerned. I have to propose "That the directors' report and accounts be received and adopted." That the period of the first account of the new undertaking should have coincided with absolutely the worst year through which the rubber-planting industry has ever passed is a matter of regret to us as directors, but I think you will agree that it is a matter over which no board of directors could possibly have exercised any control. (Hear, hear.) The results of the year's working have been somewhat disappointing to us as your directors, and I have no doubt that they have been disappointing to the shareholders; but I believe that the majority of the shareholders fully recognize that we have been passing through a time which, in all human probability, will never be repeated. We have had to endure a great many inconveniences, and perhaps with a few hardships. I hope we may all consider that the very dark hour of national peril is done with, and that a new day has dawned, and that the sunshine of hope may again begin to animate the business world. I only wish I could add to that a belief that a period of new life and better abilities imbued a certain class who for the past four years have exerted practically despotic powers over business interests.

THE GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

Whilst the war lasted, the necessity of providing money and materials for the purpose of smashing our enemies was very properly and rightly the primary consideration for all of us; but, unfortunately, in the haste of doing some of these things, a series of happenings occurred with which very few people are conversant, and to do which there were called into existence an army of very expensive officials, who have been located in a large number of palatial buildings, and have been set to do things of which most of them had very little knowledge at all, and for which those of us who were supposed to have any money have been expected to pay. (Hear, hear.) Amongst what I must call the nuisances which the business world has endured as patiently as possible has been that curious body, the Treasury Committee on New Issues of Capital. Its purpose was ostensibly to prevent money being subscribed for debentures and shares for useless enterprises. With that nobody could quarrel: it was a very laudable idea when true economy was essential to the welfare of the country; but I think that nobody expected that part of its work was to be the wholesale disturbance of established industry and profitable undertaking under the most flimsy pretext, or, in some cases, no pretext at all. The history of this Committee, if it could be collected and published, would probably show an amount of damage done to British commerce and British industry at home and abroad surpassing the whole damage done during the war by the German High Seas Fleet, Zeppelins, and raiders. The most nonsensical interpretation has been placed by the Committee upon the term "new capital." Under that heading the Treasury officials have

defined an exchange of fully-paid shares for other fully-paid shares. I think there is a great deal more of pantomime or comic opera in that than of commercial intelligence. It is a definition which would be found more in accord with the spirit of Pooh-Bah, or of the financial eccentricities of "Brewster's Millions," than with business economy. The chairman of the Committee, Lord Cunliffe, in business life, I understand, is a member of a firm of bill-brokers, and for that purpose, no doubt, he is well fitted; but there is a wide difference between conducting that business and understanding the needs and duties of financing the industry of a nation. Two courses were open to Lord Cunliffe, at least. One was to decline to take the chairmanship of this Committee if he felt it was a business which he did not understand. The other was to resign that chairmanship after the very large amount of criticism which has been applied to the Committee in practically every newspaper throughout the country.

CRITICISMS.

Statements have been circulated—I cannot vouch for the truth of them—that members of the Committee knew practically nothing at all about the work of the Committee, and were not consulted as to the decisions arrived at, but were merely asked to acquiesce in whatever the Treasury officials in charge of the matter chose to do or forbade to be done. One can hardly imagine a body of gentlemen being content to remain members of a Committee for three or four years if there is any truth in that statement. Some few months ago a deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the chairman of the New Issues Committee, and indulged in some exceedingly plain speaking. The President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce expressed a doubt as to whether there were any tribunals in the country which came to a decision without giving the applicants an opportunity of stating their case before the tribunal, so that it might be fully aware of all that underlay it. The chairman of the London Chamber said that there was no Committee so much disliked in the City as London.

ACTION OF THE DIRECTORS AND THE RESULT.

In face of this persistent opposition of the Treasury, which was entirely putting a stop to the business of the company, the directors had to choose which they would do, something or nothing. They chose to do something. There may be some people who will say that they could have done infinitely better than the directors in the circumstances. Well, we do not set out to be perfect; we did what we considered the right thing to do. There were other courses we could have taken—courses which would have led to an infinite amount of trouble and inconvenience and expense. The result of what we have done is that for the present the shares of this company are shut out of the Stock Exchange. Personally, I do not know whether it is an altogether unmixed evil, but I anticipate that if it is an evil it is not one which is beyond remedy. The Treasury Committee may be continued in office some little time; it may not. If I know the temper of the business world at all, if this Treasury Committee is to continue in existence, it will have to display a very great deal more common sense than it has done in the past. (Hear, hear.)

ECONOMIES OF AMALGAMATION.

The Chairman went on to deal with the effect of the amalgamation. He said that one of the objects was to effect economies in working, and he was able to point out that very considerable economies had been effected. The last balance-sheets of the three companies showed total London expenses of £6,365, whereas in the balance-sheet now before the meeting the total was £3,501.

With regard to future prospects, he drew attention to a letter which had appeared in *The Times* a few days ago from Sir Richard Cooper, asking what the Ministry of Reconstruction, Board of Trade, and the Overseas Trade Department had done to protect the commercial interests of the country during the critical days. He (the chairman) thought that some of the remarks which he had made to the meeting would provide answers to that query. A good deal might be said as to the neglect of the rubber industry and the other planting industries by the Government, and interesting statements on the subject had been made by the chairmen of other companies. In conclusion the Chairman referred to a circular which had been sent recently to the shareholders by an anonymous committee attacking the board.

Mr. H. R. Savory seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously after a short discussion.

The retiring director, Mr. G. St. Lawrence Mowbray, was unanimously re-elected, and the auditors, Messrs. Harold Wright & Co., were re-appointed.

On the motion of Mr. Nichols, seconded by Mr. Thom, a vote of thanks was accorded to the board, and they were requested to accept an honorarium of £1,000.

The Chairman, in acknowledging the vote, said that the directors, while appreciating the gift, did not consider that the present was a suitable time to take such a sum from the funds of the company. (Cheers.)

The proceedings then terminated.